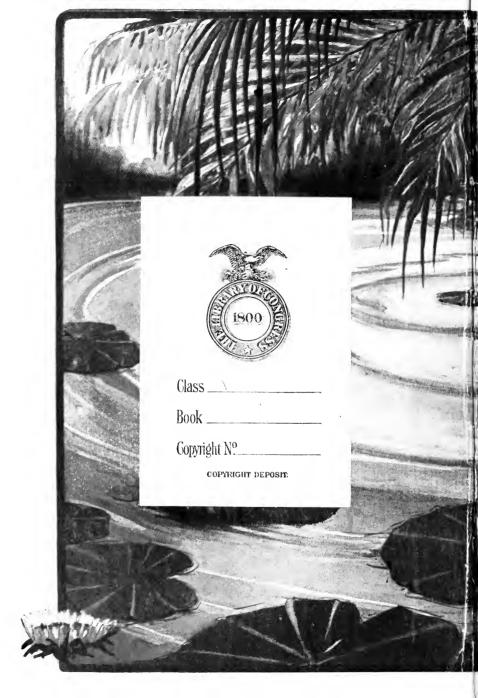
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WITH DRAWINGS BY

JOHN R NEILL







HIAWATH A POEM BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN REA NEILL

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WALLACE RICE

HIAWATHA," rightly regarded as Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's greatest, most characteristic, and most original poem, has for Americans the marked merit of being entirely concerned with tales of the aboriginal inhabitants of the North American continent. It is, from beginning to end, a metrical version of legends originating with the Algonquin family of Indians, of which the Ojibways or Chippewas were the most prominent tribe. Yet Hiawatha himself was not of this family, but was an authentic historical person, neither a myth nor a demigod, who was a great chief among the Onondagas in the fifteenth century, not only the framer of a code of laws by which they were long bound but also the successful negotiator of the remarkable treaty by which the Five Nations, afterwards the Six Nations, were confederated; best known to us as the Iroquois.

Longfellow had taken an interest in Indians from early youth, and early formed a plan to commemorate their legends in his verse. From Schoolcraft he obtained nearly all the material utilized in the cycle he named "Hiawatha." Originally his intention was to group the legends about the mythical personality of the Algonquin deity, Manabozho, but the beauty of the Onondaga chieftain's name and the untrustworthy



authority of Schoolcraft's "The Hiawatha Legends" determined the present title of both hero and poem. Nevertheless, the poet's imagination has invested his hero with much of the character of the strong man who bound together the most compact and efficient league of Indian tribes known to history within the present boundaries of the United States—a man, be it said, who despised the Ojibways and all their appurtenances with the natural distaste of the powerful Iroquois for the easily defeated Algonquin.

"Hiawatha" was begun on June 25, 1854, and its 5,314 lines were concluded March 29, 1855, nine months later. Its meter, derived from that of the great Finnish epic, the Kalevala, consists of eight-syllabled lines, with stresses falling on the first, third, fifth and seventh syllables. Octosyllabic verse, whether trochaic, as here, or iambic, as in Scott's "Lays of the Last Minstrel," is by far the easiest of all measures to write; and the fact that "Hiawatha" is unrhymed made the American's task greatly easier than that of the Scotchman. Longfellow had a taste for exotic meters, as may be seen from his use of the classical hexameter in "Evangeline," but he did not succeed in making either the Evangeline or the Hiawatha measure native to the English-speaking peoples; and no poem of consequence has grown out of the trochaic tetrameter of the verses that follow.

Yet there can be no doubt of the suitability of the measure to the subject matter here, as in the Kalevala. It is just the sing-song that would be used by a teller of tales about the

campfire, with each verse about the duration of a breath, lacking in rhyme so that little particularity in memorization is demanded of the narrator, repetitive so that he can go back from time to time and collect his thoughts, and so easy of composition that a line may be made up on the spot to replace one lost to the mind. It would be no serious task to anybody to be compelled to speak in these octosyllabics for a day, or even a week, as a slight test will prove.

It is an excellent rule in literary composition to use the commonplace as the vehicle for the conveyance of unusual thoughts and a foreign atmosphere. In this, Longfellow's instinct was far surer than that of the critics who considered his work adversely at the time of its publication, on November 10, 1855. The mere fact that "Hiawatha" was so readily memorized—and that lapses in memory could be so easily covered up—brought it into a favor which it could never have attained were it rhymed, or were its measure that of English heroic verse. Its fluent vehicle bore successfully the burden of the feelings, the habits, the ideas of the American savage, all strange and exotic to English ears. It has done more than all the writings in the world combined to give the Caucasian mind an understanding cf and sympathy with that of the North American Indian.

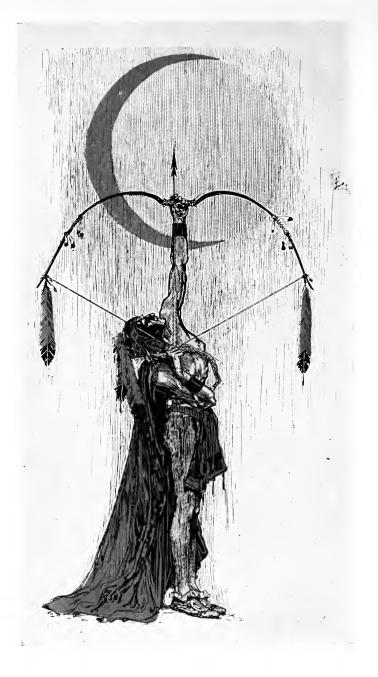
Longfellow has left a careful pronouncing vocabulary of all the proper names used from the Indian languages in his poem. These show an almost bewildering confusion of vowels, some having the quality of French, some that of English. The name of the titular hero himself is to



he pronounced as if spelled hee-ah-wah'-tha, though the French transliteration made it Hayénwatha, with the accent on the second syllable. The proper names throughout are used with the rarest skill, both to give melody and variety to the verse and to lend it that more subtle quality known as atmosphere. Even when most uncouth, they call to mind primeval forests and the devious, slender trail worn by the warrior's moccasins through immemorial ages.

And no American can fail to derive a satisfaction, apart from poetic enjoyment, in the fact that thus is preserved to the world the real personality, however overlaid with myth and legend, of a great fellow-countryman, a contemporary of Columbus, and, through this poem, now scarcely less well known.



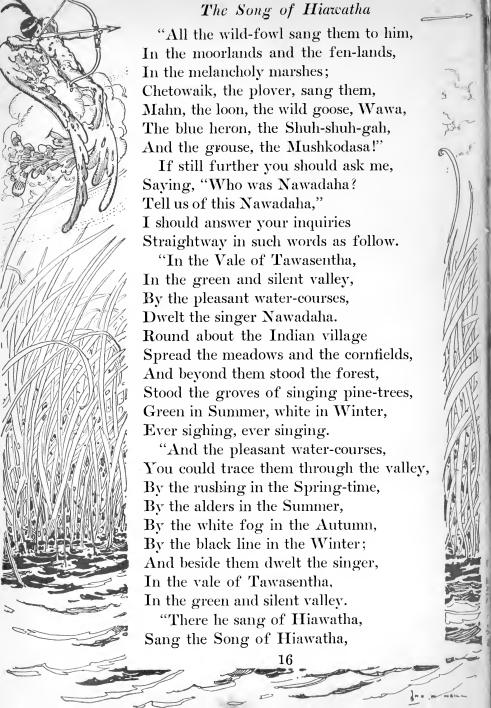


INTRODUCTION

Should you ask me, whence these stories? Whence these legends and traditions, With the odors of the forest, With the dew and damp of meadows, With the curling smoke of wigwams, With the rushing of great rivers, With their frequent repetitions, And their wild reverberations, As a thunder in the mountains?

I should answer, I should tell you,
"From the forests and the prairies,
From the great lakes of the Northland,
From the land of the Ojibways,
From the land of the Dacotahs,
From the mountains, moors, and fen-lands
Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Feeds among the reeds and rushes.
I repeat them as I heard them
From the lips of Nawadaha,
The musician, the sweet singer."

Should you ask where Nawadaha
Found these songs so wild and wayward,
Found these legends and traditions,
I should answer, I should tell you,
"In the bird's-nests of the forest,
In the lodges of the beaver,
In the hoof-prints of the bison,
In the eyry of the eagle!



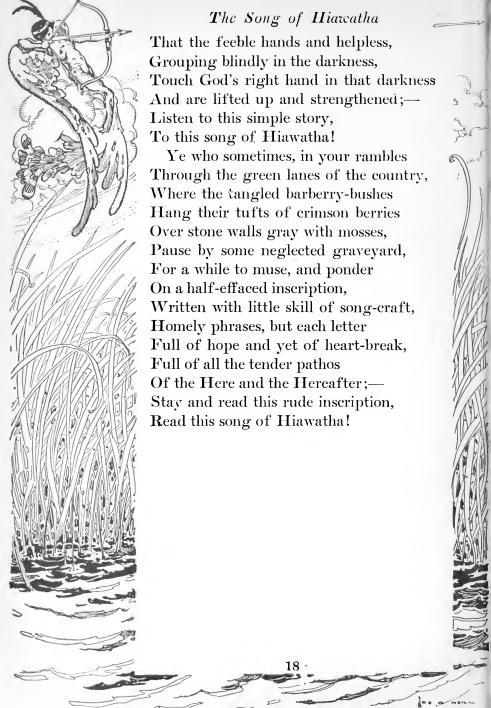
Introduction

Sang his wondrous birth and being, How he prayed and how he fasted, How he lived, and toiled, and suffered, That the tribes of men might prosper, That he might advance his people!"

Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,
And the rushing of great rivers
Through their palisades of pine-trees,
And the thunder in the mountains,
Whose innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in their eyries;—
Listen to these wild traditions,
To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of a people,
That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken;—
Listen to this Indian Legend,
To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple, Who have faith in God and Nature, Who believe that in all ages Every human heart is human, That in even savage bosoms There are longings, yearnings, strivings For the good they comprehend not,



THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

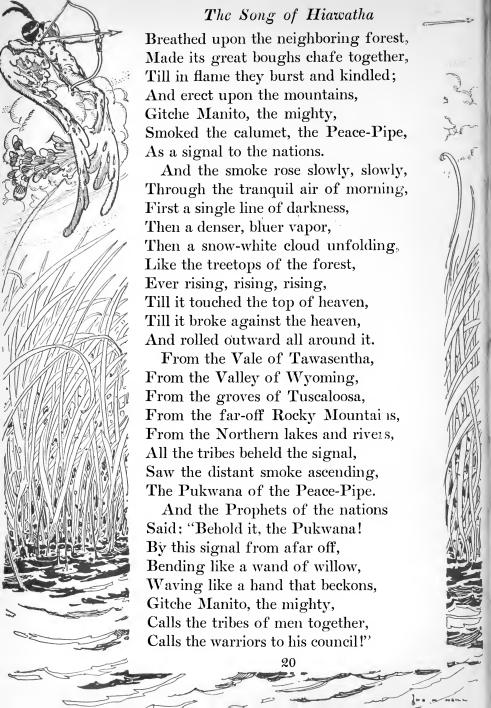
PART I

THE PEACE-PIPE

On the Mountains of the Prairie, On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry, Gitche Manito, the mighty, He the Master of Life, descending, On the red crags of the quarry Stood erect, and called the nations, Called the tribes of men together.

From his footprints flowed a river, Leaped into the light of morning, O'er the precipice plunging downward Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the comet. And the Spirit, stooping earthward, With his finger on the meadow Traced a winding pathway for it, Saying to it, "Run in this way!"

From the red stone of the quarry With his hand he broke a fragment, Moulded it into a pipe-head, Shaped and fashioned it with figures; From the margin of the river Took a long reed for a pipe-stem, With its dark green leaves upon it; Filled the pipe with bark of willow, With the bark of the red willow;



The Peace-Pipe

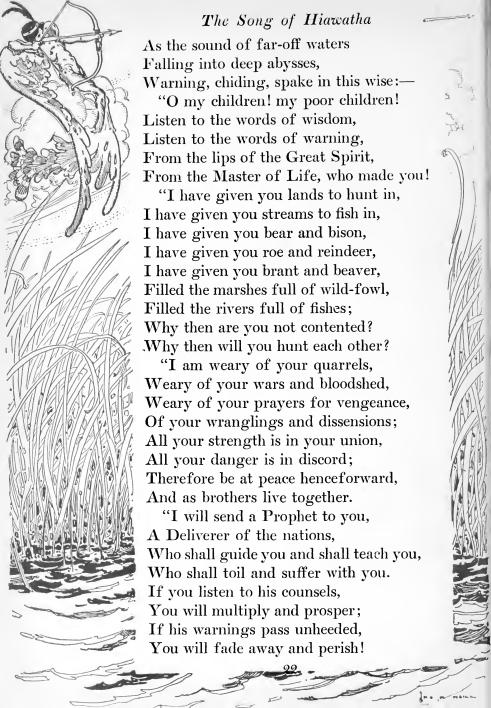
Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,
Came the warriors of the nations,
Came the Delawares and Mohawks,
Came the Choctaws and Camanches,
Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,
Came the Pawnees and Omahas,
Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,
Came the Hurons and Ojibways,
All the warriors drawn together
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,
To the Mountains of the Prairie,
To the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry.
And they stood there on the meadow,
With their weapons and their war-gear,

And they stood there on the meadow,
With their weapons and their war-gear,
Painted like the leaves of Autumn,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Wildly glaring at each other;
In the faces stern defiance,
In their hearts the feuds of ages,
The hereditary hatred,
The ancestral thirst of vengeance.

Gitche Manito, the mighty,
The creator of the nations,
Looked upon them with compassion,
With paternal love and pity;
Looked upon their wrath and wrangling
But as quarrels among children,
But as feuds and fights of children!

Over them he stretched his right hand To subdue their stubborn natures, To allay their thirst and fever, By the shadow of his right hand; Spake to them with voice majestic





The Peace-Pipe

"Bathe now in the stream before you, Wash the war-paint from your faces, Wash the blood-stains from your fingers, Bury your war-clubs and your weapons, Break the red stone from this quarry, Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes, Take the reeds that grow beside you, Deck them with your brightest feathers, Smoke the calumet together, And as brothers live henceforward!"

Then upon the ground the warriors Threw their cloaks and shirts of deer-skin, Threw their weapons and their war-gear, Leaped into the rushing river, Washed the war-paint from their faces. Clear above them flowed the water. Clear and limpid from the footprints Of the Master of Life descending; Dark below them flowed the water. Soiled and stained with streaks of crimson, As if blood were mingled with it!

From the river came the warriors, Clean and washed from all their warpaint;

On the banks their clubs they buried, Buried all their warlike weapons. Gitche Manito, the mighty, The Great Spirit, the creator, Smiled upon his helpless children!

And in silence all the warriors Broke the red stone of the quarry, Smoothed and formed it into Peace-Pipes, Broke the long reeds by the river,



The Song of Hiawatha

Decked them with their brightest feathers, And departed each one homeward, While the Master of Life, ascending, Through the opening of cloud curtains, Through the doorways of the heaven, Vanished from before their faces, In the smoke that rolled around him, The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe!

Π

THE FOUR WINDS

"Honor be to Mudjekeewis!"
Cried the warriors, cried the old men,
When he came in triumph homeward
With the sacred Belt of Wampum,
From the regions of the North-Wind,
From the kingdom of Wabasso,
From the land of the White Rabbit.

He had stolen the Belt of Wampum From the neck of Mishe-Mokwa, From the Great Bear of the mountains From the terror of the nations, As he lay asleep and cumbrous On the summit of the mountains, Like a rock with mosses on it, Spotted brown and gray with mosses.

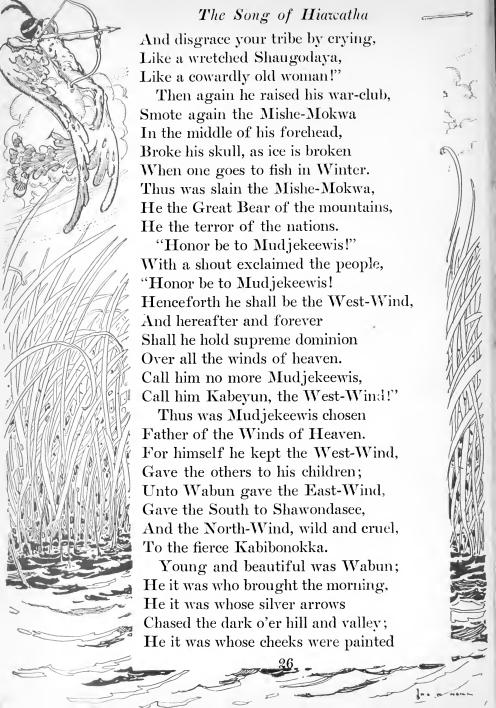
Silently he stole upon him,
Till the red nails of the monster
Almost touched him, almost scared him,
Till the hot breath of his nostrils
Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis,
As he drew the Belt of Wampum

Over the round ears, that heard not, Over the small eyes, that saw not, Over the long nose and nostrils, The black muffle of the nostrils, Out of which the heavy breathing Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis.

Then he swung aloft his war-club,
Shouted loud and long his war-cry,
Smote the mighty Mishe-Mokwa
In the middle of the forehead,
Right between the eyes he smote him.

With the heavy blow bewildered, Rose the Great Bear of the mountains But his knees beneath him trembled, And he whimpered like a woman, As he reeled and staggered forward, As he sat upon his haunches; And the mighty Mudjekeewis, Standing fearlessly before him, Taunted him in loud derision, Spake disdainfully in this wise:—

"Hark you, Bear! you are a coward, And no Brave, as you pretended; Else you would not cry and whimper Like a miserable woman! Bear! you know our tribes are hostile, Long have been at war together; Now you find that we are strongest, You go sneaking in the forest, You go hiding in the mountains! Had you conquered me in battle Not a groan would I have uttered; But you, Bear! sit here and whimper,



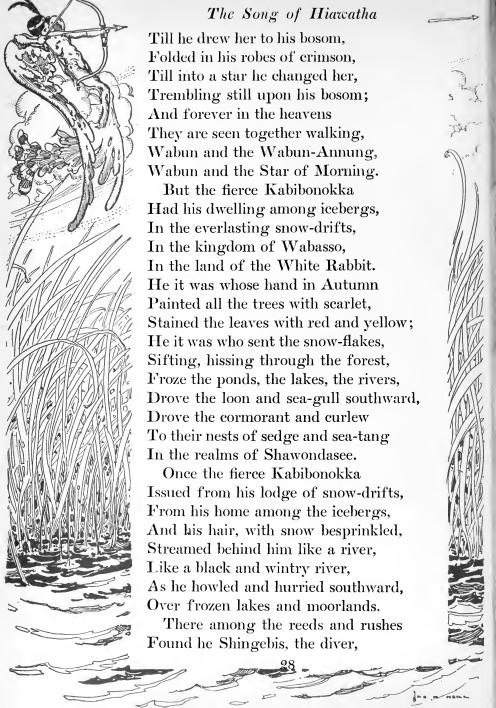
With the brightest streaks of crimson, And whose voice awoke the village, Called the deer, and called the hunter.

Lonely in the sky was Wabun;
Though the birds sang gayly to him,
Though the wild-flowers of the meadow
Filled the air with odors for him,
Though the forests and the rivers
Sang and shouted at his coming,
Still his heart was sad within him,
For he was alone in heaven.

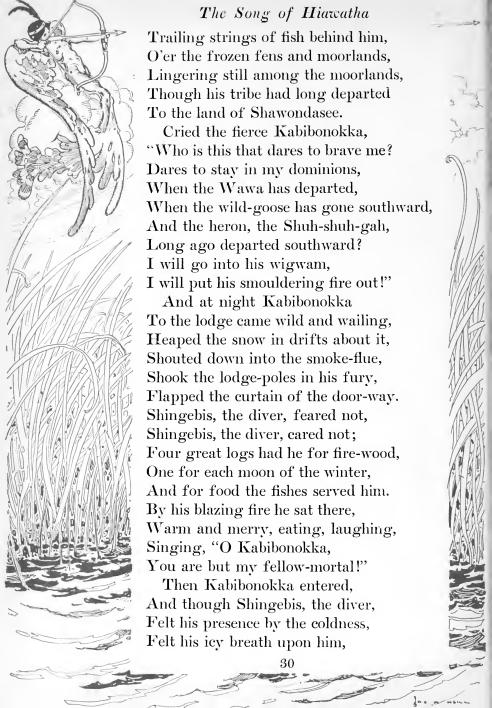
But one morning, gazing earthward, While the village still was sleeping, And the fog lay on the river, Like a ghost, that goes at sunrise, He beheld a maiden walking All alone upon a meadow, Cathering water-flags and rushes By a river in the meadow.

Every morning, gazing earthward, Still the first thing he beheld there Was her blue eyes looking at him, Two blue lakes among the rushes. And he loved the lonely maiden, Who thus waited for his coming; For they both were solitary, She on earth and he in heaven.

And he wooed her with caresses,
Wooed her with his smile of sunshine,
With his flattering words he wooed her,
With his sighing and his singing,
Gentlest whispers in the branches,
Softest music, sweetest odors,







Still he did not cease his singing,
Still he did not leave his laughing,
Only turned the log a little,
Only made the fire burn brighter,
Made the sparks fly up the smoke-flue.

From Kabibonokka's forehead,
From his snow-besprinkled tresses,
Drops of sweat fell fast and heavy,
Making dints upon the ashes,
As along the eaves of lodges,
As from drooping boughs of hemlock,
Drips the melting snow in spring-time,
Making hollows in the snow-drifts.

Till at last he rose defeated,
Could not bear the heat and laughter,
Could not bear the merry singing,
But rushed headlong through the doorway,

Stamped upon the crusted snow-drifts,
Stamped upon the lakes and rivers,
Made the snow upon them harder,
Made the ice upon them thicker,
Challenged Shingebis, the diver,
To come forth and wrestle with him,
To come forth and wrestle naked
On the frozen fens and moorlands.

Forth went Shingebis, the diver

Forth went Shingebis, the diver,
Wrestled all night with the North-Wind,
Wrestled naked on the moorlands
With the fierce Kabibonokka,
Till his panting breath grew fainter,
Till his frozen grasp grew feebler,
Till he reeled and staggered backward,

The Song of Hiawatha And retreated, baffled, beaten, To the kingdom of Wabasso, To the land of the White Rabbit, Hearing still the gusty laughter, Hearing Shingebis, the diver, Singing, "O Kabibonokka, You are but my fellow-mortal!" Shawondasee, fat and lazy,— Had his dwelling far to southward, In the drowsy, dreamy sunshine, In the never-ending Summer. He it was who sent the wood-birds, Sent the robin, the Opechee, Sent the bluebird, the Owaissa, Sent the Shawshaw, sent the swallow, Sent the wild-goose, Wawa, northward, Sent the melons and tobacco, And the grapes in purple clusters. From his pipe the smoke ascending Filled the sky with haze and vapor, Filled the air with dreamy softness, Gave a twinkle to the water. Touched the rugged hills with smoothness, Brought the tender Indian Summer To the melaneholy North-land, In the dreary Moon of Snow-shoes. Listless, careless Shawondasee! In his life he had one shadow, In his heart one sorrow had he. Once, as he was gazing northward, Far away upon a prairie He beheld a maiden standing,

Saw a tall and slender maiden
All alone upon a prairie;
Brightest green were all her garments,
And her hair was like the sunshine.

Day by day he gazed upon her,
Day by day he sighed with passion,
Day by day his heart within him
Grew more hot with love and longing
For the maid with yellow tresses.
But he was too fat and lazy
To bestir himself and woo her;
Yes, too indolent and easy
To pursue her and persuade her.
So he only gazed upon her,
Only sat and sighed with passion
For the maiden of the prairie.

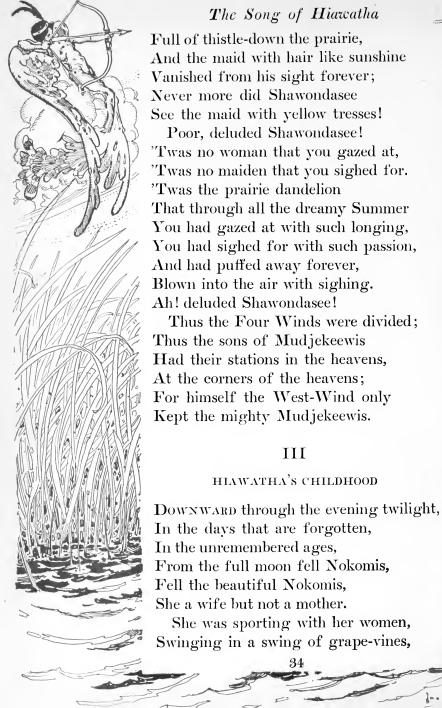
Till one morning, looking northward, He beheld her yellow tresses Changed and covered o'er with whiteness Covered as with whitest snow-flakes. "Ah! my brother from the North-land, From the kingdom of Wabasso, From the land of the White Rabbit! You have stolen the maiden from me, You have laid your hand upon her, You have wooed and won my maiden,

Breathed into the air his sorrow; And the South-Wind o'er the prairie Wandered warm with sighs of passion, With the sighs of Shawondasee, Till the air seemed full of snow-flakes,

With your stories of the North-land!"

Thus the wretched Shawondasee





Hiawatha's Childhood

When her rival, the rejected,
Full of jealousy and hatred,
Cut the leafy swing asunder,
Cut in twain the twisted grape-vines,
And Nokomis fell affrighted
Downward through the evening twilight,
On the Muskoday, the meadow,
On the prairie full of blossoms.
"See! a star falls!" said the people;

There among the ferns and mosses, There among the prairie lilies, On the Muskoday, the meadow, In the moonlight and the starlight, Fair Nokomis bore a daughter. And she called her name Wenonah, As the first-born of her daughters.

"From the sky a star is falling!"

And the daughter of Nokomis Grew up like the prairie lilies, Grew a tall and slender maiden.

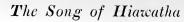
With the beauty of the moonlight, With the beauty of the starlight.

And Nokomis warned her often,
Saying oft, and oft repeating,
"Oh, beware of Mudjekeewis,
Of the West-Wind, Mudjekeewis;
Listen not to what he tells you;
Lie not down upon the meadow,
Stoop not down among the lilies,
Lest the West-Wind come and harm

But she heeded not the warning, Heeded not those words of wisdom.

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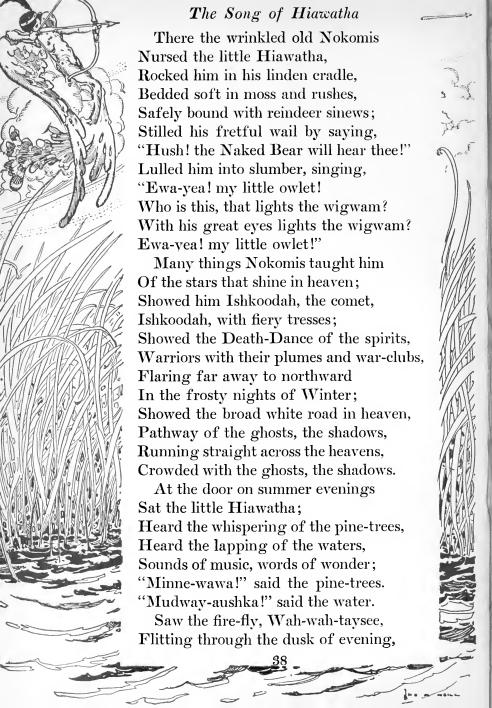
And the West-Wind came at evening, Walking lightly o'er the prairie, Whispering to the leaves and blossoms, Bending low the flowers and grasses, Found the beautiful Wenonah, Lying there among the lilies, Wooed her with his words of sweetness, Wooed her with his soft caresses, Till she bore a son in sorrow, Bore a son of love and sorrow.

Thus was born my Hiawatha,
Thus was born the child of wonder;
But the daughter of Nokomis,
Hiawatha's gentle mother,
In her anguish died deserted
By the West-Wind, false and faithless,
By the heartless Mudjekeewis.

For her daughter, long and loudly Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis; "Oh that I were dead!" she murmured, "Oh that I were dead, as thou art! No more work, and no more weeping, Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.





Hiawatha's Childhood

With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
"Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

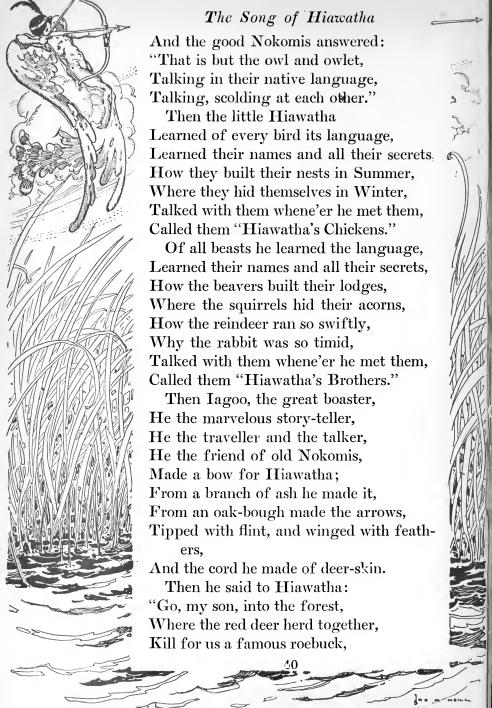
Saw the moon rise from the water Rippling, rounding from the water, Saw the flecks and shadows on it, Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?" And the good Nokomis answered: "Once a warrior, very angry, Seized his grandmother, and threw her Up into the sky at midnight; Right against the moon he threw her; 'Tis her body that you see there."

In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"Tis the heaven of flowers you see there—All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

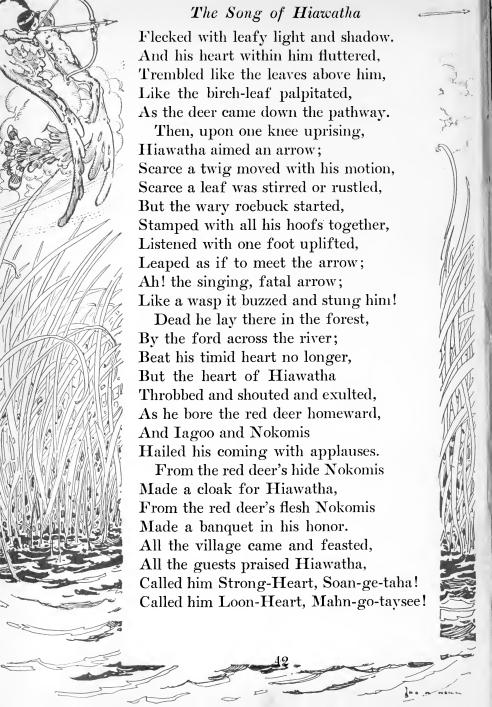
Saw the rainbow in the heaven.

When he heard the owls at midnight, Hooting, laughing in the forest, "What is that?" he cried in terror, "What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"





Hiawatha's Childhood Kill for us a deer with antlers!" Forth into the forest straightway All alone walked Hiawatha Proudly, with his bow and arrows; And the birds sang round him, o'er him, "Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!" Sang the robin, the Opechee, Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa, "Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!" Up the oak-tree, close beside him, Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo, In and out among the branches, Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree, Laughed, and said between his laughing. "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!" And the rabbit from his pathway Leaped aside, and at a distance Sat erect upon his haunches, Half in fear and half in frolic. Saying to the little hunter, "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!" But he heeded not, nor heard them, For his thoughts were with the red deer; On their tracks his eyes were fastened, Leading downward to the river, To the ford across the river, And as one in slumber walked he. Hidden in the alder-bushes, There he waited till the deer came, Till he saw two antlers lifted. Saw two eyes look from the thicket, Saw two nostrils point to windward, And a deer came down the pathway,



IV

HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS

Out of childhood into manhood Now had grown my Hiawatha, Skilled in all the craft of hunters, Learned in all the lore of old men, In all youthful sports and pastimes, In all manly arts and labors.

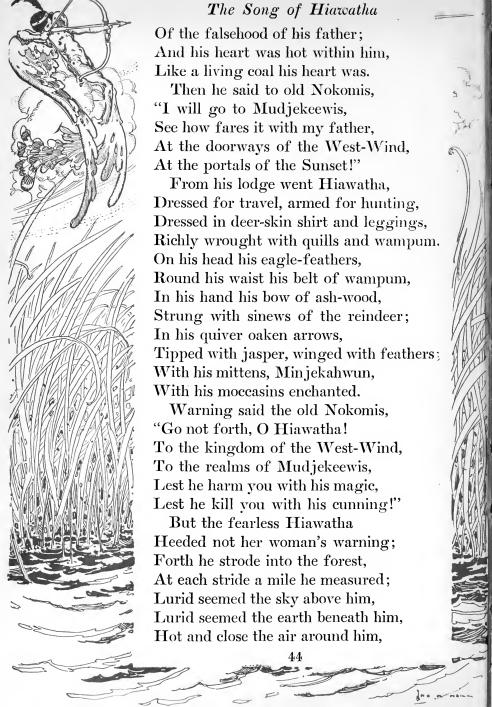
Swift of foot was Hiawatha;
He could shoot an arrow from him,
And run forward with such fleetness,
That the arrow fell behind him!
Strong of arm was Hiawatha;
He could shoot ten arrows upward,
Shoot them with such strength and swiftness

That the tenth had left the bow-string Ere the first to earth had fallen!

He had mittens, Minjekahwun,
Magic mittens made of deer-skin;
When upon his hands he wore them,
He could smite the rocks asunder,
He could grind them into powder.
He had moccasins enchanted,
Magic moccasins of deer-skin;
When he bound them round his ankles,
When upon his feet he tied them,
At each stride a mile he measured!

Much he questioned old Nokomis Of his father Mudjekeewis; Learned from her the fatal secret Of the beauty of his mother,





Filled with smoke and fiery vapors, As of burning woods and prairies. For his heart was hot within him, Like a living coal his heart was.

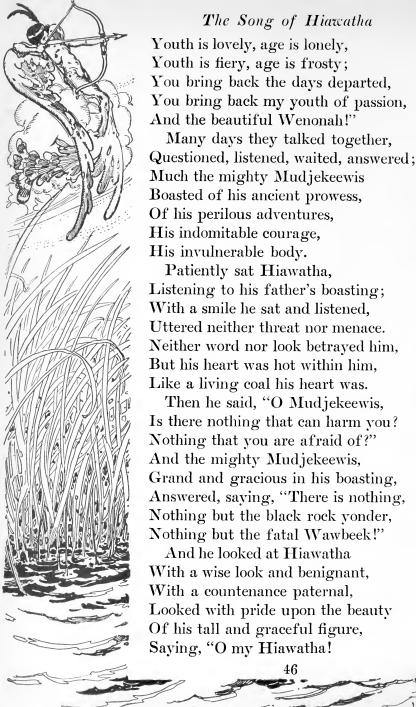
So he journeyed westward, westward, Left the fleetest deer behind him, Left the antelope and bison; Crossed the rushing Esconaba, Crossed the mighty Mississippi, Passed the Mountains of the Prairie, Passed the land of Crows and Foxes, Passed the dwellings of the Blackfeet, Came unto the Rocky Mountains, To the Kingdom of the West-Wind, Where upon the gusty summits Sat the ancient Mudjekeewis, Ruler of the winds of heaven.

Filled with awe was Hiawatha
At the aspect of his father.
On the air about him wildly
Tossed and streamed his cloudy tresses,
Gleamed like drifting snow his tresses,
Glared like Ishkoodah, the comet,
Like the star with fiery tresses.

Filled with joy was Mudjekeewis When he looked on Hiawatha, Saw his youth rise up before him In the face of Hiawatha, Saw the beauty of Wenonah From the grave rise up before him. "Welcome!" said he "Hiawatha"

"Welcome!" said he, "Hiawatha, To the kingdom of the West-Wind! Long have I been waiting for you!





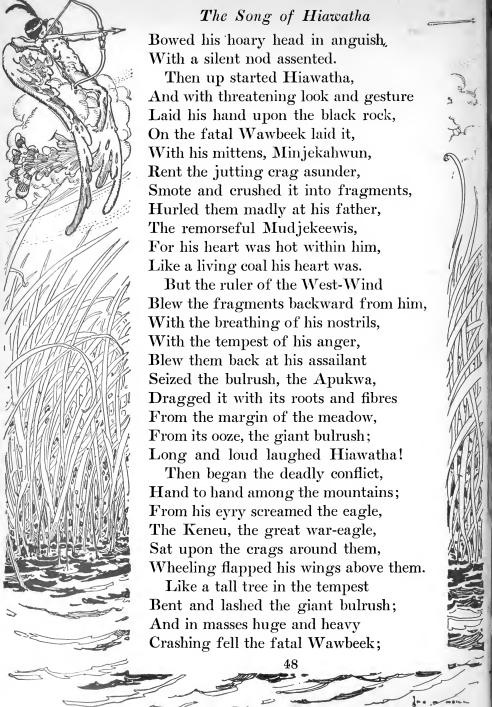
Is there anything can harm you?
Anything you are afraid of?"

But the wary Hiawatha
Paused awhile, as if uncertain,
Held his peace, as if resolving,
And then answered, "There is nothing,
Nothing but the bulrush yonder,
Nothing but the great Apukwa!"

And as Mudjekeewis, rising,
Stretched his hand to pluck the bulrush,
Hiawatha cried in terror,
Cried in well-dissembled terror,
"Kago! kago! do not touch it!"
"Ah, kaween!" said Mudjekeewis,
"No indeed, I will not touch it!"

Then they talked of other matters; First of Hiawatha's brothers. First of Wabun, of the East-Wind Of the South-Wind, Shawondasee, Of the North, Kabibonokka; Then of Hiawatha's mother, Of the beautiful Wenonah, Of her birth upon the meadow, Of her death, as old Nokomis Had remembered and related.

And he cried, "O Mudjekeewis,
It was you who killed Wenonah,
Took her young life and her beauty,
Broke the Lily of the Prairie,
Trampled it beneath your footsteps;
You confess it! you confess it!"
And the mighty Mudjekeewis
Tossed upon the wind his tresses,



Till the earth shook with the tumult And confusion of the battle, And the air was full of shoutings, And the thunder of the mountains, Starting, answered, "Baim-wawa!"

Back retreated Mudjekeewis,
Rushing westward o'er the mountains,
Stumbling westward down the mountains,
Three whole days retreated fighting,
Still pursued by Hiawatha
To the doorways of the West-Wind,
To the portals of the Sunset,
To the earth's remotest border,
Where into the empty spaces
Sinks the sun, as a flamingo
Drops into her nest at nightfall,
In the melancholy marshes.
"Hold!" at length cried Mudjekeewis,

"Hold, my son, my Hiawatha!
"T is impossible to kill me,
For you cannot kill the immortal.
I have put you to this trial,
But to know and prove your courage;
Now receive the prize of valor!

"Go back to your home and people, Live among them, toil among them, Cleanse the earth from all that harms it, Clear the fishing-grounds and rivers, Slay all monsters and magicians, All the Wendigoes, the giants, All the serpents, the Kenabeeks, As I slew the Mishe-Mokwa, Slew the Great Bear of the mountains.



The Song of Hiawatha "And at last when Death draws near you, When the awful eyes of Pauguk Glare upon you in the darkness, I will share my kingdom with you, Ruler shall you be thenceforward Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin, Of the home-wind, the Keewaydin." Thus was fought that famous battle In the dreadful days of Shah-shah, In the days long since departed, In the kingdom of the West-Wind. Still the hunter sees its traces Scattered far o'er hill and valley; Sees the giant bulrush growing By the ponds and water-courses, Sees the masses of the Wawbeek Lying still in every valley. Homeward now went Hiawatha: Pleasant was the landscape round him, Pleasant was the air above him, For the bitterness of anger Had departed wholly from him, From his brain the thought of vengeance, From his heart the burning fever. Only once his pace he slackened, Only once he paused or halted, Paused to purchase heads of arrows Of the ancient Arrow-maker, In the land of the Dacotahs, Where the Falls of Minnehaha Flash and gleam among the oak-trees, Laugh and leap into the valley.

There the ancient Arrow-maker
Made his arrow-heads of sandstone,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,
Smoothed and sharpened at the edges,
Hard and polished, keen and costly.

With him dwelt his dark-eyed daughter,

Wayward as the Minnehaha,
With her moods of shade and sunshine,
Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,
Feet as rapid as the river,
Tresses flowing like the water,
And as musical a laughter;
And he named her from the river,
From the water-fall he named her,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

Was it then for heads of arrows, Arrow-heads of chalcedony, Arrow-heads of flint and jasper, That my Hiawatha halted In the land of the Dacotahs?

Was it not to see the maiden,
See the face of Laughing Water
Peeping from behind the curtain,
Hear the rustling of her garments
From behind the waving curtain,
As one sees the Minnehaha
Gleaming, glancing through the branches,
As one hears the Laughing Water
From behind its screen of branches?

Who shall say what thoughts and visions



The Song of Hiawatha

Fill the fiery brains of young men?
Who shall say what dreams of beauty
Filled the heart of Hiawatha?
All he told to old Nokomis,
When he reached the lodge at sunset,
Was the meeting with his father,
Was his fight with Mudjekeewis;
Not a word he said of arrows,
Not a word of Laughing Water!

V

HIAWATHA'S FASTING

You shall hear how Hiawatha Prayed and fasted in the forest, Not for greater skill in hunting, Not for greater craft in fishing, Not for triumphs in the battle, And renown among the warriors, But for profit of the people, For advantage of the nations.

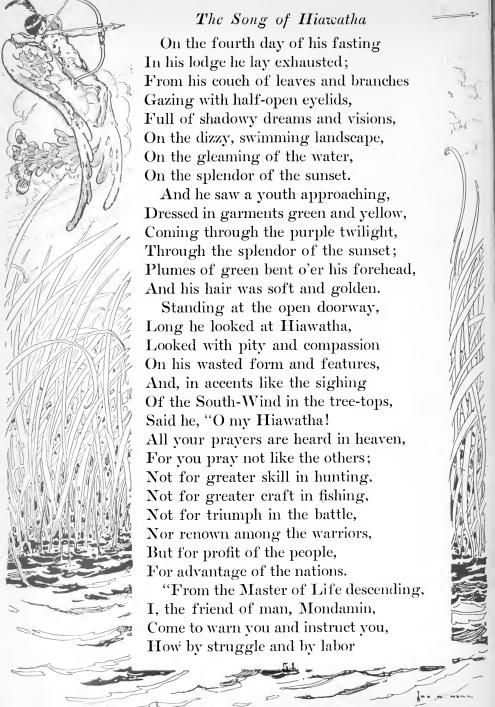
First he built a lodge for fasting,
Built a wigwam in the forest,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
In the blithe and pleasant Spring-time,
In the Moon of Leaves he built it,
And, with dreams and visions many,
Seven whole days and nights he fasted.

On the first day of his fasting Through the leafy woods he wandered; Saw the deer start from the thicket, Saw the rabbit in his burrow, Heard the pheasant, Bena, drumming,

Heard the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Rattling in his hoard of acorns,
Saw the pigeon, the Omeme,
Building nests among the pine-trees,
And in flocks the wild goose, Wawa,
Flying to the fen-lands northward,
Whirring, wailing far above him.
"Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,
"Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the next day of his fasting
By the river's brink he wandered,
Through the Muskoday, the meadow,
Saw the wild rice, Mahnomonee,
Saw the Blueberry, Meenahga,
And the strawberry, Odahmin,
And the gooseberry, Shahbomin,
And the grape-vine, the Bemahgut,
Trailing oe'r the alder-branches,
Filling all the air with fragrance!
"Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,
"Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the third day of his fasting
By the lake he sat and pondered,
By the still, transparent water;
Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leaping,
Scattering drops like beads of wampum,
Saw the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
Like a sunbeam in the water,
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
And the herring, Okahahwis,
And the Shawgashee, the craw-fish!
"Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,
"Must our lives depend on these things?"



You shall gain what you have prayed for. Rise up from your bed of branches,

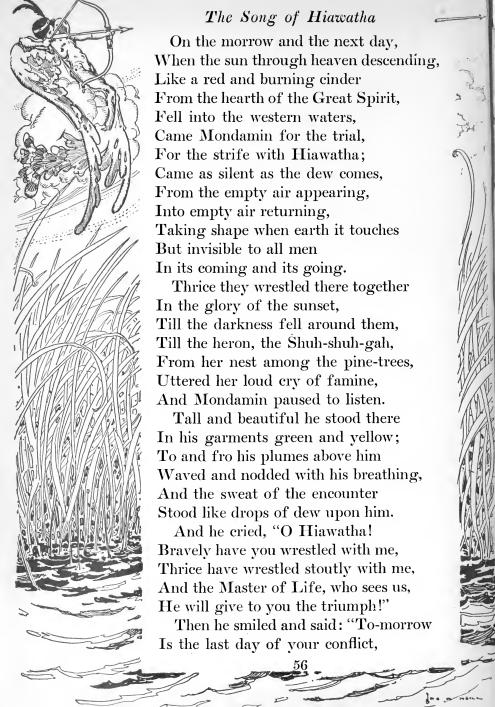
Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me!"

Faint with famine, Hiawatha Started from his bed of branches. From the twilight of his wigwam Forth into the flush of sunset Came, and wrestled with Mondamin; At his touch he felt new courage Throbbing in his brain and bosom, Felt new life and hope and vigor Run through every nerve and fibre.

So they wrestled there together In the glory of the sunset, And the more they strove and struggled, Stronger still grew Hiawatha, Till the darkness fell around them. And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah, From her nest among the pine-trees, Gave a cry of lamentation, Gave a scream of pain and famine.

"'Tis enough!" then said Mondamin Smiling upon Hiawatha, "But to-morrow, when the sun sets, I will come again to try you." And he vanished, and was seen not; Whether sinking as the rain sinks, Whether rising as the mists rise, Hiawatha saw not, knew not, Only saw that he had vanished, Leaving him alone and fainting, With the misty lake below him, And the reeling stars above him.





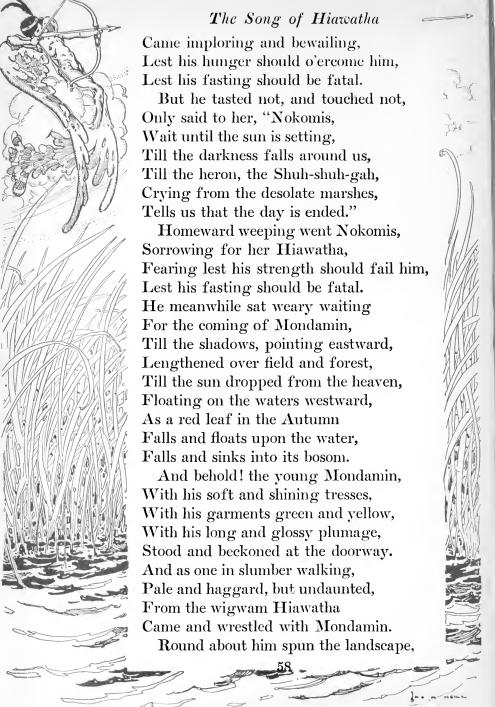
Is the last day of your fasting.
You will conquer and o'ercome me;
Make a bed for me to lie in,
Where the rain may fall upon me,
Where the sun may come and warm me;
Strip these garments, green and yellow,
Strip this nodding plumage from me,
Lay me in the earth and make it
Soft and loose and light above me.

"Let no hand disturb my slumber,
Let no weed nor worm molest me,
Let not Kahgahgee, the raven,
Come to haunt me and molest me,
Only come yourself to watch me,
Till I wake, and start, and quicken,
Till I leap into the sunshine."

And thus saying, he departed;
Peacefully slept Hiawatha,
But he heard the Wawonaissa,
Heard the whippoorwill complaining,
Perched upon his lonely wigwam;
Heard the rushing Sebowisha,
Heard the rivulet rippling near him,
Talking to the darksome forest;
Heard the sighing of the branches,
As they lifted and subsided
At the passing of the night-wind,
Heard them, as one hears in slumber
Far-off murmurs, dreamy whispers:
Peacefully slept Hiawatha.

On the morrow came Nokomis, On the seventh day of his fasting, Came with food for Hiawatha,





Sky and forest reeled together,
And his strong heart leaped within him,
As the sturgeon leaps and struggles
In a net to break its meshes.
Like a ring of fire around him
Blazed and flared the red horizon,

And a hundred suns seemed looking
At the combat of the wrestlers.

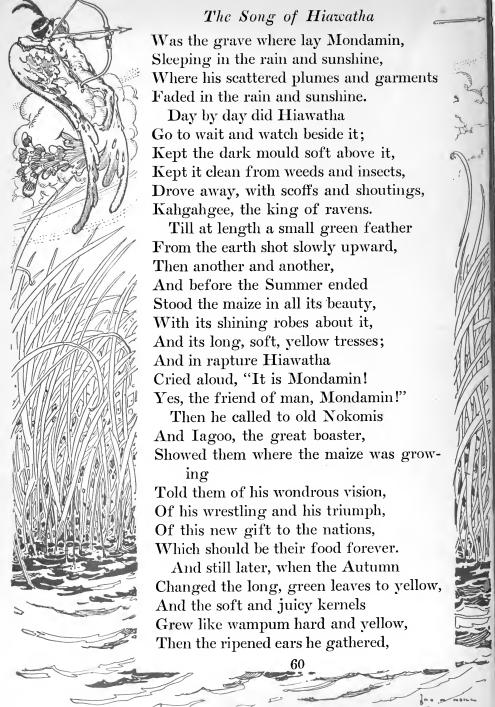
Suddenly upon the greensward

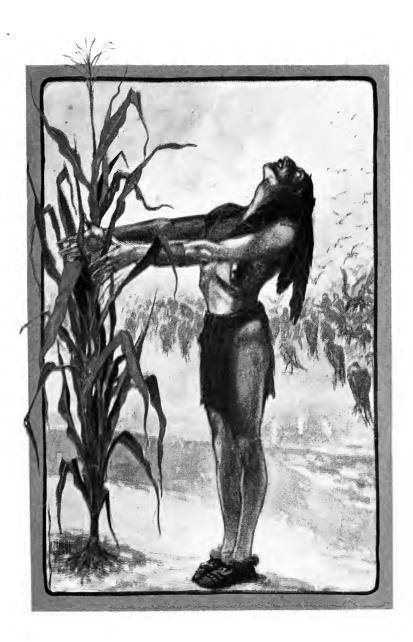
All alone stood Hiawatha,
Panting with his wild exertion,
Palpitating with the struggle;
And before him, breathless, lifeless,
Lay the youth, with hair dishevelled,
Plumage torn, and garments tattered,
Dead he lay there in the sunset.

And victorious Hiawatha
Made the grave as he commanded,
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,
Stripped his tattered plumage from him,
Laid him in the earth, and made it
Soft and loose and light above him;
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From the melancholy moorlands,
Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a cry of pain and anguish!

Homeward then went Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis,
And the seven days of his fasting
Were accomplished and completed.
But the place was not forgotten
Where he wrestled with Mondamin;
Nor forgotten nor neglected









The Song of Hiawatha

Stripped the withered husks from off them,

As he once had stripped the wrestler, Gave the first Feast of Mondamin, And made known unto the people This new gift of the Great Spirit.

VI

HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS

Two good friends had Hiawatha,
Singled out from all the others,
Bound to him in closest union,
And to whom he gave the right hand
Of his heart, in joy and sorrow;
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.
Straight between them ran the pathway,
Never grew the grass upon it;

Singing birds, that utter falsehoods,
Story-tellers, mischief-makers,
Found no eager ear to listen,
Could not breed ill-will between them,
For they kept each other's counsel,
Spake with naked hearts together,
Pondering much and much contriving
How the tribes of men might prosper.

Most beloved by Hiawatha Was the gentle Chibiabos, He the best of all musicians, He the sweetest of all singers. Beautiful and childlike was he,

Hiawatha's Friends

Brave as man is, soft as woman, Pliant as a wand of willow, Stately as a deer with antlers.

When he sang, the village listened; All the warriors gathered round him, All the women came to hear him; Now he stirred their souls to passion, Now he melted them to pity.

From the hollow reeds he fashioned Flutes so musical and mellow,
That the brook, the Sebowisha,
Ceased to murmur in the woodland,
That the wood-birds ceased from singing,
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Ceased his chatter in the oak-tree,
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Sat upright to look and listen.

Yes, the brook, the Sebowisha, Pausing, said, "O Chibiabos, Teach my waves to flow in music, Softly as your words in singing!" Yes, the bluebird, the Owaissa,

Envious, said, "O Chibiabos, Teach me tones as wild and wayward, Teach me songs as full of frenzy!"

Yes, the robin, the Opechee, Joyous, said, "O Chibiabos, Teach me tones as sweet and tender, Teach me songs as full of gladness!"

And the whippoorwill, Wawonaissa, Sobbing, said, "O Chibiabos, Teach me tones as melancholy, Teach me songs as full of sadness!"

The Song of Hiawatha All the many sounds of nature Borrowed sweetness from his singing; All the hearts of men were softened By the pathos of his music; For he sang of peace and freedom, Sang of beauty, love, and longing; Sang of death, and life undying In the Islands of the Blessed. In the kingdom of Ponemah, In the land of the Hereafter. Very dear to Hiawatha Was the gentle Chibiabos, He the best of all musicians, He the sweetest of all singers; For his gentleness he loved him, And the magic of his singing. Dear, too, unto Hiawatha Was the very strong man, Kwasind He the strongest of all mortals, He the mightiest among many; For his very strength he loved him, For his strength allied to goodness. Idle in his youth was Kwasind, Very listless, dull and dreamy, Never played with other children, Never fished and never hunted. Not like other children was he: But they saw that much he fasted, Much his Manito entreated. Much besought his Guardian Spirit. "Lazy Kwasind!" said his mother, "In my work you never help me! In the Summer you are roaming 64



The Song of Hiawatha Idly in the fields and forests; In the Winter you are cowering O'er the firebrands in the wigwam! In the coldest days of Winter I must break the ice for fishing; With my nets you never help me! At the door my nets are hanging, Dripping, freezing with the water; Go and wring them, Yenadizze! Go and dry them in the sunshine!" Slowly from the ashes, Kwasind Rose, but made no angry answer; From the lodge went forth in silence, Took the nets that hung together, Dripping, freezing at the doorway; Like a wisp of straw he wrung them, Like a wisp of straw he broke them, Could not wring them without breaking, Such the strength was in his fingers. "Lazy Kwasind!" said his father, "In the hunt you never help me; Every bow you touch is broken, Snapped asunder every arrow; Yet come with me to the forest. You shall bring the hunting homeward." Down a narrow pass they wandered, Where a brooklet led them onward, Where the trail of deer and bison Marked the soft mud on the margin, Till they found all further passage Shut against them, barred securely By the trunks of trees uprooted, Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,

Hiawatha's Friends

And forbidding further passage.

"We must go back," said the old man, "O'er these logs we cannot clamber;
Not a woodchuck could get through them,
Not a squirrel clamber o'er them!"

And straightway his pipe he lighted, And sat down to smoke and ponder.

But before his pipe was finished,

Lo! the path was cleared before him: All the trunks had Kwasind lifted.

To the right hand, to the left hand, Shot the pine-trees swift as arrows, Hurled the cedars light as lances.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said the young men, As they sported in the meadow; "Why standing idly looking at us,

Leaning on the rock behind you? Come and wrestle with the others,

Let us pitch the quoit together!"

Lazy Kwasind made no answer,

To their challenge made no answer, Only rose, and, slowly turning, Seized the huge rock in his fingers, Tore it from its deep foundation, Poised it in the air a moment, Pitched it sheer into the river, Sheer into the swift Pauwating, Where it still is seen in Summer.

Once as down that foaming river, Down the rapids of Pauwating, Kwasind sailed with his companions, In the stream he saw a beaver, Saw Ahmeek, the King of Beavers,





The Song of Hiawatha

Struggling with the rushing currents, Rising, sinking in the water.

Without speaking, without pausing, Kwasind leaped into the river, Plunged beneath the bubbling surface, Through the whirlpools chased the beaver, Followed him among the islands, Stayed so long beneath the water, That his terrified companions Cried, "Alas! good-by to Kwasind! We shall never more see Kwasind!" But he reappeared triumphant, And upon his shining shoulders, Brought the beaver, dead and dripping, Brought the King of all the Beavers.

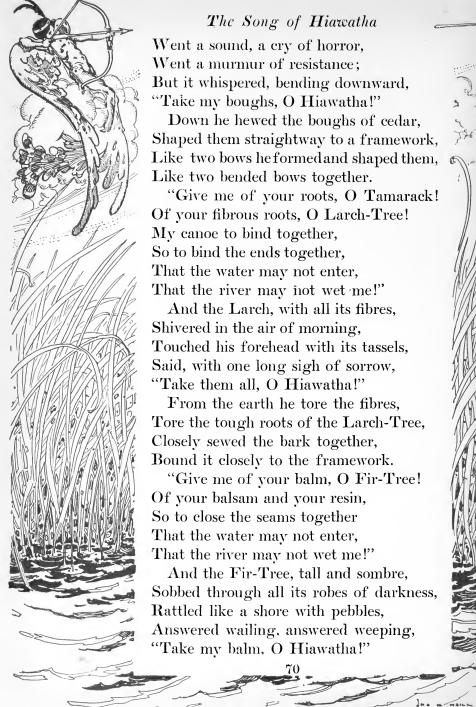
And these two, as I have told you,
Were the friends of Hiawatha,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
Long they lived in peace together,
Spake with naked hearts together,
Pondering much and much contriving
How the tribes of men might prosper.

VII

HIAWATHA'S SAILING

"GIVE me of your bark, O Birch-Tree! Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree! Growing by the rushing river, Tall and stately in the valley! I a light canoe will build me, Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,

Hiawatha's Sailing That shall float upon the river, Like a yellow leaf in Autumn, Like a yellow water-lily! "Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree! Lay aside your white-skin wrapper, For the Summer-time is coming, And the sun is warm in heaven. And you need no white-skin wrapper!" Thus aloud cried Hiawatha In the solitary forest, By the rushing Taquamenaw, When the birds were singing gayly, In the Moon of Leaves were singing, And the sun, from sleep awaking, Started up and said, "Behold me! Gheezis, the great Sun, behold me!" And the tree with all its branches Rustled in the breeze of morning, Saying, with a sigh of patience, "Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!" With his knife the tree he girdled, Just beneath its lowest branches, Just above the roots he cut it, Till the sap came oozing outward; Down the trunk, from top to bottom, Sheer he cleft the bark asunder. With a wooden wedge he raised it, Stripped it from the trunk unbroken. "Give me of your boughs, O Cedar! Of your strong and pliant branches, My canoe to make more steady, Make more strong and firm beneath me!" Through the summit of the Cedar



Hiawatha's Sailing

And he took the tears of balsam. Took the resin of the Fir-Tree. Smeared therewith each seam and fissure. Made each crevice safe from water.

"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog! All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog! I will make a necklace of them.

Make a girdle for my beauty,

And two stars to deck her bosom!" From a hollow tree the Hedgehog

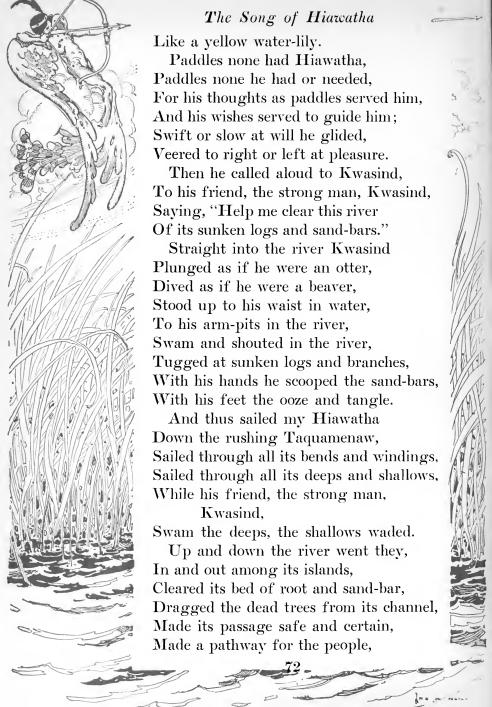
With his sleepy eves looked at him, Shot his shining quills, like arrows, Saying, with a drowsy murmur, Through the tangle of his whiskers,

"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"

From the ground the quills he gathered, All the little shining arrows, Stained them red and blue and vellow, With the juice of roots and berries; Into his canoe he wrought them, Round its waist a shining girdle, Round its bows a gleaming necklace, On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded In the valley, by the river, In the bosom of the forest; And the forest's life was in it, All its mystery and its magic, All the lightness of the birch-tree, All the toughness of the cedar, All the larch's supple sinews; And it floated on the river, Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,





Hiawatha's Sailing

From its springs among the mountains To the waters of Pauwating,
To the bay of Taquamenaw.

VIII

HIAWATHA'S FISHING

FORTH upon the Gitche Gumee,
On the shining Big-Sea-Water,
With his fishing-line of cedar,
Of the twisted bark of cedar,
Forth to catch the sturgeon Nahma,
Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes,
In his birch canoe exulting
All alone went Hiawatha.

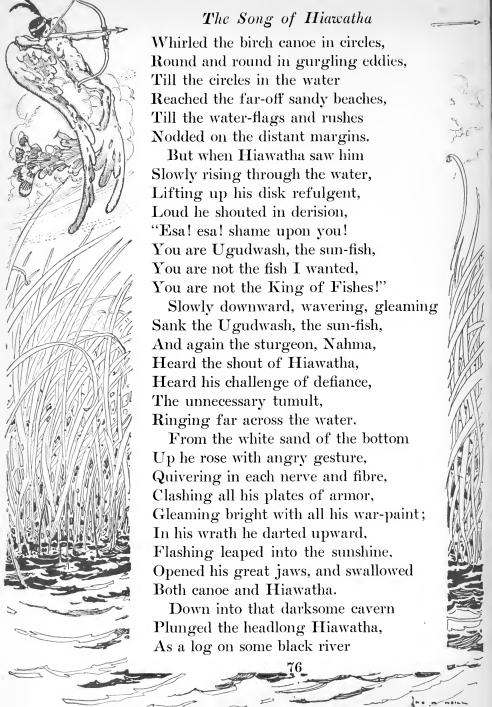
Through the clear, transparent water He could see the fishes swimming Far down in the depths below him; See the yellow perch, the Sahwa, Like a sunbeam in the water, See the Shawgashee, the craw-fish, Like a spider on the bottom, On the white and sandy bottom.

At the stern sat Hiawatha,
With his fishing-line of cedar;
In his plumes the breeze of morning
Played as in the hemlock branches;
On the bows, with tail erected,
Sat the squirrel, Adjidaumo;
In his fur the breeze of morning
Played as in the prairie grasses.

On the white sand of the bottom Lav the monster Mishe-Nahma,

The Song of Hiawatha Lay the sturgeon, King of Fishes; Through his gills he breathed the water, With his fins he fanned and winnowed, With his tail he swept the sand-floor. There he lay in all his armor; On each side a shield to guard him, Plates of bone upon his forehead, Down his sides and back and shoulders Plates of bone with spine projecting, Painted was he with his war-paints, Stripes of yellow, red, and azure, Spots of brown and spots of sable; And he lay there on the bottom, Fanning with his fins of purple, As above him Hiawatha In his birch canoe came sailing, With his fishing-line of cedar. "Take my bait!" cried Hiawatha, Down into the depths beneath him, "Take my bait, O Sturgeon, Nahma! Come up from below the water, Let us see which is the stronger!" And he dropped his line of cedar Through the clear, transparent water, Waited vainly for an answer, Long sat waiting for an answer, And repeating loud and louder, "Take my bait, O King of Fishes!" Quiet lay the sturgeon, Nahma. Fanning slowly in the water, Looking up at Hiawatha, Listening to his call and clamor, His unnecessary tumult,

Hiawatha's Fishing Till he wearied of the shouting; And he said to the Kenozha. To the pike, the Maskenozha, "Take the bait of this rude fellow, Break the line of Hiawatha!" In his fingers Hiawatha Felt the loose line jerk and tighten; As he drew it in, it tugged so, That the birch canoe stood endwise. Like a birch log in the water, With the squirrel, Adjidaumo, Perched and frisking on the summit. Full of scorn was Hiawatha When he saw the fish rise upward, Saw the pike, the Maskenozha, Coming nearer, nearer to him, And he shouted through the water, "Esa! esa! shame upon you! You are but the pike, Kenozha, You are not the fish I wanted, You are not the King of Fishes!" Reeling downward to the bottom Sank the pike in great confusion, And the mighty sturgeon, Nahma, Said to Ugudwash, the sun-fish, To the bream, with scales of crimson, "Take the bait of this great boaster, Break the line of Hiawatha!" Slowly upward, wavering, gleaming Rose the Ugudwash, the sun-fish, Seized the line of Hiawatha, Swung with all his weight upon it, Made a whirlpool in the water,



Hiawatha's Fishing

Shoots and plunges down the rapids, Found himself in utter darkness, Groped about in helpless wonder, Till he felt a great heart beating, Throbbing in that utter darkness.

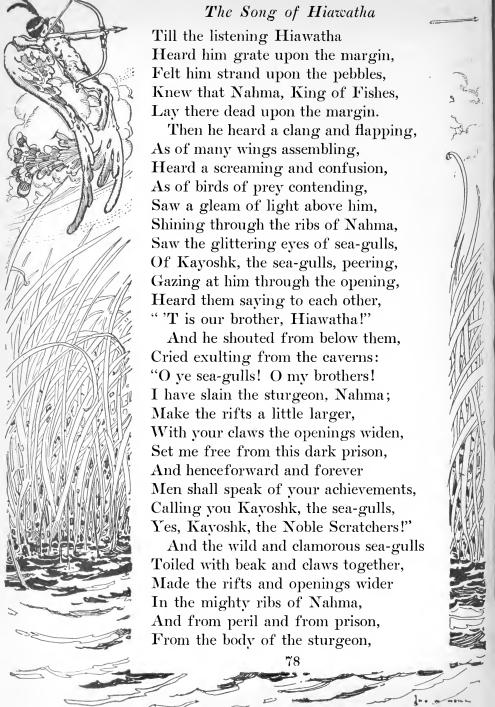
And he smote it in his anger,
With his fist, the heart of Nahma,
Felt the mighty King of Fishes
Shudder through each nerve and fibre,
Heard the water gurgle round him
As he leaped and staggered through it,
Sick at heart, and faint and weary.

Crosswise then did Hiawatha
Drag his birch-canoe for safety,
Lest from out the jaws of Nahma,
In the turmoil and confusion,
Forth he might be hurled and perish.
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Frisked and chattered very gayly,
Toiled and tugged with Hiawatha
Till the labor was completed.

Then said Hiawatha to him,
"O my little friend, the squirrel,
Bravely have you toiled to help me;
Take the thanks of Hiawatha,
And the name which now he gives you;
For hereafter and forever
Boys shall call you Adjidaumo,
Tail-in-air the boys shall call you!"

And agan the sturgeon, Nahma, Gasped and quivered in the water, Then was still, and drifted landward Till he grated on the pebbles,





Hiawatha's Fishing

From the peril of the water, They released my Hiawatha.

He was standing near his wigwam,
On the margin of the water,
And he called to old Nokomis,
Called and beckoned to Nokomis,
Pointed to the sturgeon, Nahma,

Lying lifeless on the pebbles, With the sea-gulls feeding on him. "I have slain the Mishe-Nahma,

Slain the King of Fishes!" said he;
"Look! the sea-gulls feed upon him,
Yes, my friends Kayoshk, the sea-gulls;
Drive them not away, Nokomis,
They have saved me from great peril
In the body of the sturgeon,
Wait until their meal is ended,
Till their craws are full with feasting,
Till they homeward fly, at sunset,
To their nests among the marshes;

And make oil for us in Winter."

And she waited till the sun set,
Till the pallid moon, the Night-sun,
Rose above the tranquil water,
Till Kayoshk, the sated sea-gulls,
From their banquet rose with clamor,
And across the fiery sunset
Winged their way to far-off islands,

Then bring all your pots and kettles,

To his sleep went Hiawatha, And Nokomis to her labor, Toiling patient in the moonlight,

To their nests among the rushes.





The Song of Hiawatha

Till the sun and moon changed places,
Till the sky was red with sunrise,
And Kayoshk, the hungry sea-gulls,
Came back from the reedy islands,
Clamorous for their morning banquet.

Three whole days and nights alternate
Old Nokomis and the sea-gulls
Stripped the oily flesh of Nahma,
Till the waves washed through the ribbones,

Till the sea-gulls came no longer, And upon the sands lay nothing But the skeleton of Nahma.

IX

HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL-FEATHER

On the shores of Gitche Gumee,
Of the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood Nokomis, the old woman,
Pointing with her finger westward,
O'er the water pointing westward,
To the purple clouds of sunset.

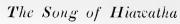
Fiercely the red sun descending Burned his way along the heavens, Set the sky on fire behind him, As war-parties, when retreating, Burn the prairies on their war-trail; And the moon, the Night-sun, eastward, Suddenly starting from his ambush, Followed fast those bloody footprints, Followed in that fiery war-trail, Hiawatha and the Pearl-Feather

With its glare upon his features.
And Nokomis, the old woman,
Pointing with her finger westward,
Spake these words to Hiawatha:
"Yonder dwells the great Pearl-Feather,
Megissogwon, the Magician,
Manito of Wealth and Wampum.
Guarded by his fiery serpents,
Guarded by the black pitch-water.
You can see his fiery serpents,
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,
Coiling, playing in the water;
You can see the black pitch-water
Stretching far away beyond them,

To the purple clouds of sunset!

"He it was who slew my father,
By his wicked wiles and cunning,
When he from the moon descended,
When he came on earth to seek me.
He, the mightiest of Magicians,
Sends the fever from the marshes,
Sends the pestilential vapors,
Sends the poisonous exhalations,
Sends the white fog from the fen-lands,
Sends disease and death among us!

"Take your bow, O Hiawatha,
Take your arrows, jasper-headed,
Take your war-club, Puggawaugun,
And your mittens, Minjekahwun,
And your birch canoe for sailing,
And the oil of Mishe-Nahma,
So to smear its sides, that swiftly
You may pass the black pitch-water;



Slay this merciless magician, Save the people from the fever That he breathes across the fen-lands, And avenge my father's murder!"

Straightway then my Hiawatha Armed himself with all his war-gear, Launched his birch canoe for sailing; With his palm its sides he patted, Said with glee, "Cheemaun, my darling, O my Birch-canoe! leap forward, Where you see the fiery serpents, Where you see the black pitch-water!"

Forward leaped Cheemaun exulting,
And the Noble Hiawatha
Sang his war-song wild and woful,
And above him the war-eagle,
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,
Master of all fowls with feathers,
Screamed and hurtled through the heavens.

Soon he reached the fiery serpents,
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,
Lying huge upon the water,
Sparkling, rippling in the water,
Lying coiled across the passage,
With their blazing crests uplifted,
Breathing fiery fogs and vapors,
So that none could pass beyond them.

But the fearless Hiawatha Cried aloud, and spake in this wise: "Let me pass my way, Kenabeek, Let me go upon my journey!" And they answered, hissing fiercely, With their fiery breath made answer:





The Song of Hiawatha

"Back, go back! O Shaugodaya!
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart!"

Then the angry Hiawatha
Raised his mighty bow of ash-tree,
Seized his arrows, jasper-headed,
Shot them fast among the serpents,
Every twanging of the bow-string
Was a war-cry and a death-cry,
Every whizzing of an arrow
Was a death-song of Kenabeek.

Weltering in the bloody water,
Dead lay all the fiery serpents,
And among them Hiawatha
Harmless sailed, and cried exulting:
"Onward, O Cheemaun, my darling!
Onward to the black pitch-water!"

Then he took the oil of Nahma, And the bows and sides anointed, Smeared them well with oil, that swiftly He might pass the black pitch-water.

All night long he sailed upon it,
Sailed upon that sluggish water,
Covered with its mould of ages,
Black with rotting water-rushes,
Rank with flags and leaves of lilies,
Stagnant, lifeless, dreary, dismal,
Lighted by the shimmering moonlight,
And by will-o'-the-wisps illumined,
Fires by ghosts of dead men kindled,
In their weary night-encampments.

All the air was white with moonlight, All the water black with shadow, And around him the Suggema,

Hiawatha and the Pearl-Feather

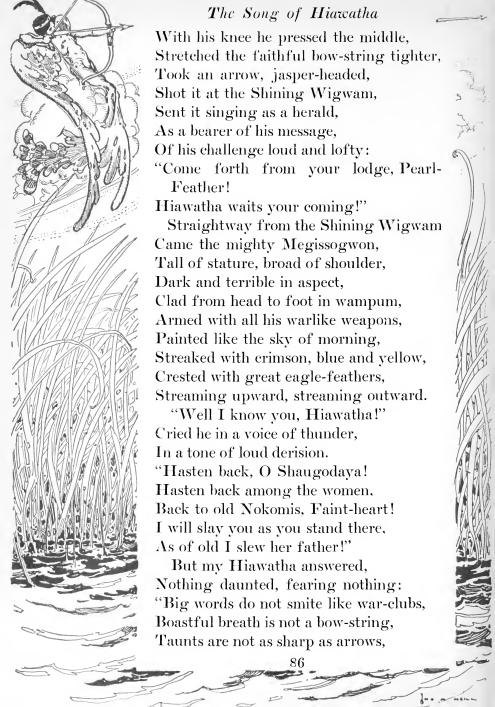
The mosquito, sang his war-song,
And the fire-flies, Wah-wah-taysee,
Waved their torches to mislead him;
And the bull-frog, the Dahinda,
Thrust his head into the moonlight,
Fixed his yellow eyes upon him,
Sobbed and sank beneath the surface.
And anon a thousand whistles,
Answered over all the fen-lands
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Far off on the reedy margin,
Heralded the hero's coming.

Westward thus fared Hiawatha,
Toward the realm of Megissogwon,
Toward the land of the Pearl-Feather,
Till the level moon stared at him,
In his face stared pale and haggard,
Till the sun was hot behind him,
Till it burned upon his shoulders,
And before him on the upland
He could see the Shining Wigwam,
Of the Manito of Wampum.
Of the mightiest of Magicians,

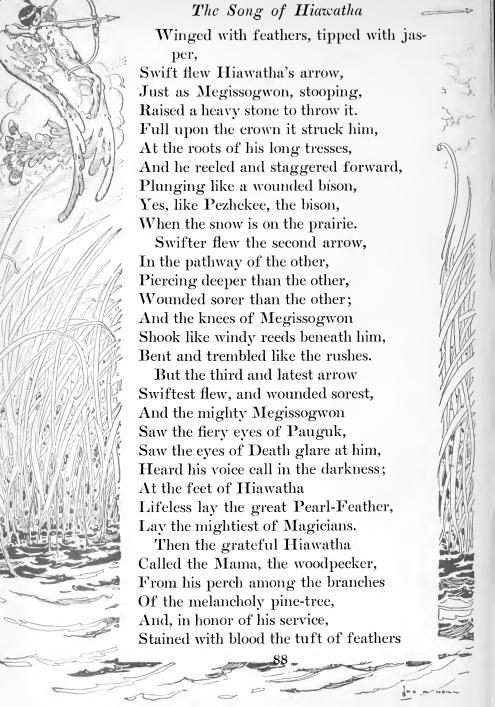
Then once more Cheemaun he patted,
To his birch-canoe said, "Onward!"
And it stirred in all its fibres,
And with one great bound of triumph
Leaped across the water-lilies,
Leaped through tangled flags and rushes,
And upon the beach beyond them
Dry-shod landed Hiawatha.

Straight he took his bow of ash-tree, On the sand one end he rested,





Higgsatha and the Pearl-Feather Deeds are better things than words are, Actions mightier than boastings!" Then begun the greatest battle That the sun had ever looked on, That the war-birds ever witnessed. All a Summer's day it lasted, From the sunrise to the sunset; For the shafts of Hiawatha Harmless hit the shirt of wampum, Harmless fell the blows he dealt it With his mittens, Minjekahwun, Harmless fell the heavy war-club; It could dash the rocks asunder, But it could not break the meshes Of that magic shirt of wampum. Till at sunset Hiawatha, Leaning on his bow of ash-tree, Wounded, weary, and desponding, With his mighty war-club broken, With his mittens torn and tattered. And three useless arrows only, Paused to rest beneath a pine-tree, From whose branches trailed the mosses. And whose trunk was coated over With the Dead-man's Moccasin-leather, With the fungus white and yellow. Suddenly from the boughs above him Sang the Mama, the woodpecker: "Aim your arrows, Hiawatha, At the head of Megissogwon, Strike the tuft of hair upon it, At their roots the long black tresses; There alone can be wounded!"





The Song of Hiawatha On the little head of Mama: Even to this day he wears it, Wears the tuft of crimson feathers As a symbol of his service. Then he stripped the shirt of wampum From the back of Megissogwon, As a trophy of the battle, As a signal of his conquest. On the shore he left the body, Half on land and half in water, In the sand his feet were buried, And his face was in the water. And above him, wheeled and clamored The Keneu, the great war-eagle, Sailing round in narrower circles, Hovering nearer, nearer, nearer. From the wigwam Hiawatha Bore the wealth of Megissogwon, All his wealth of skins and wampum, Furs of bison and of beaver, Furs of sable and of ermine. Wampum belts and strings and pouches, Quivers wrought with beads of wampum, Filled with arrows, silver-headed. Homeward then he sailed exulting, Homeward through the black pitch-water, Homeward through the weltering serpents, With the tropies of the battle, With a shout and song of triumph. On the shore stood old Nokomis. On the shore stood Chibiabos, And the very strong man, Kwasind,

Hiawatha and the Pearl-Feather

Waiting for the hero's coming,
Listening to his song of triumph.
And the people of the village
Welcomed him with songs and dances,
Made a joyous feast, and shouted:
"Honor be to Hiawatha!

He has slain the great Pearl-Feather, Slain the mightiest of Magicians, Him who sent the fiery fever, Sent the white fog from the fen-lands, Sent disease and death among us!" Ever dear to Hiawatha

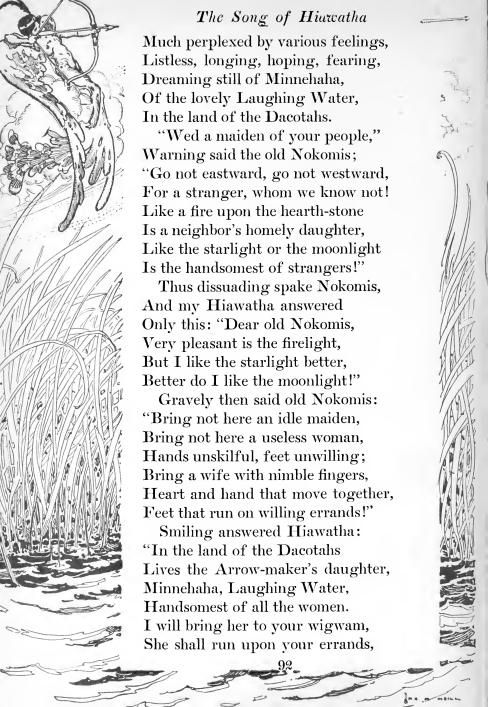
Was the memory of Mama!
And in token of his friendship,
As a mark of his remembrance,
He adorned and decked his pipe-stem
With the crimson tuft of feathers,
With the blood-red crest of Mama.
But the wealth of Megissogwon,
All the trophies of the battle,
He divided with his people,
Shared it equally among them.

Z

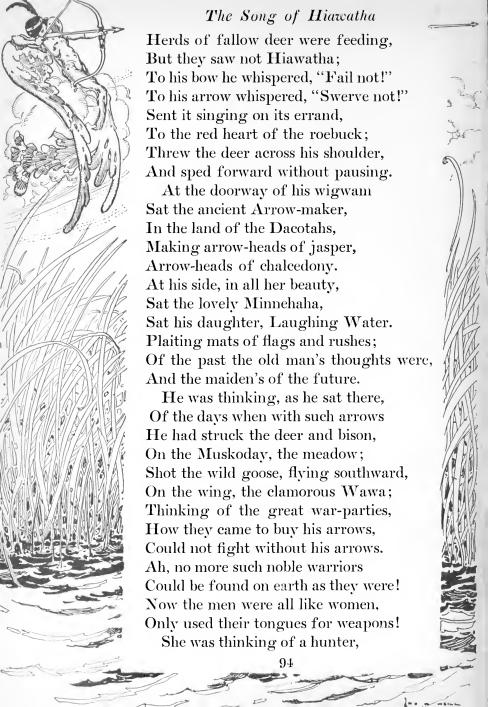
HIAWATHA'S WOOING

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other!"

Thus the youthful Hiawatha Said within himself and pondered,



Hiawatha's Wooing Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight, Be the sunlight of my people!" Still dissuading said Nokomis: "Bring not to my lodge a stranger From the land of the Dacotahs! Very fierce are the Dacotahs, Often is there war between us. There are feuds yet unforgotten, Wounds that ache and still may open!" Laughing answered Hiawatha: "For that reason, if no other, Would I wed the fair Dacotah, That our tribes might be united, That old feuds might be forgotten, And old wounds be healed forever!" Thus departed Hiawatha To the land of the Dacotahs. To the land of handsome women: Striding over moor and meadow, Through interminable forests, Through uninterrupted silence. With his moccasins of magic, At each stride a mile he measured: Yet the way seemed long before him, And his heart outrun his footsteps; And he journeyed without resting, Till he heard the cataract's laughter, Heard the Falls of Minnehaha Calling to him through the silence. "Pleasant is the sound!" he murmured, "Pleasant is the voice that calls me!" On the outskirts of the forest, 'Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,



Hiawatha's Wooing

From another tribe and country,
Young and tall and very handsome,
Who one morning, in the Spring-time,
Came to buy her father's arrows,
Sat and rested in the wigwam,
Lingered long about the doorway,
Looking back as he departed.
She had heard her father praise him,
Praise his courage and his wisdom;
Would he come again for arrows
To the Falls of Minnehaha?
On the mat her hands lay idle,
And her eyes were very dreamy.

Through their thoughts they heard a footstep,

Heard a rustling in the branches, And with glowing cheek and forehead, With the deer upon his shoulders, Suddenly from out the woodlands Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker Looked up gravely from his labor, Laid aside the unfinished arrow, Bade him enter at the doorway, Saying, as he rose to meet him, "Hiawatha, you are welcome!"

At the feet of Laughing Water Hiawatha laid his burden, Threw the red deer from his shoulders; And the maiden looked up at him, Looked up from her mat of rushes, Said with gentle look and accent, "You are welcome, Hiawatha!"

The Song of Hiawatha Very spacious was the wigwam,

Very spacious was the wigwam,
Made of deer-skin dressed and whitened
With the Gods of the Dacotahs
Drawn and painted on its curtains,
And so tall the doorway, hardly
Hiawatha stooped to enter,
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers
As he entered at the door-way.

Then uprose the Laughing Water,
From the ground fair Minnehaha,
Laid aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food and set before them,
Water brought them from the brooklet,
Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,
Listened while the guest was speaking,
Listened while her father answered,
But not once her lips she opened,
Not a single word she uttered.
Yes, as in a dream she listened

To the words of Hiawatha,
As he talked of old Nokomis,
Who had nursed him in his childhood.
As he told of his companions,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
And of happiness and plenty
In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peaceful.
"After many years of warfare.

"After many years of warfare, Many years of strife and bloodshed, There is peace between the Ojibways And the tribe of the Dacotahs."

Hiawatha's Wooing

Thus continued Hiawatha,
And then added, speaking slowly,
"That this peace may last forever,
And our hands be clapsed more closely,
And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Paused a moment ere he answered,
Smoked a little while in silence,
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
And made answer very gravely:
"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!"

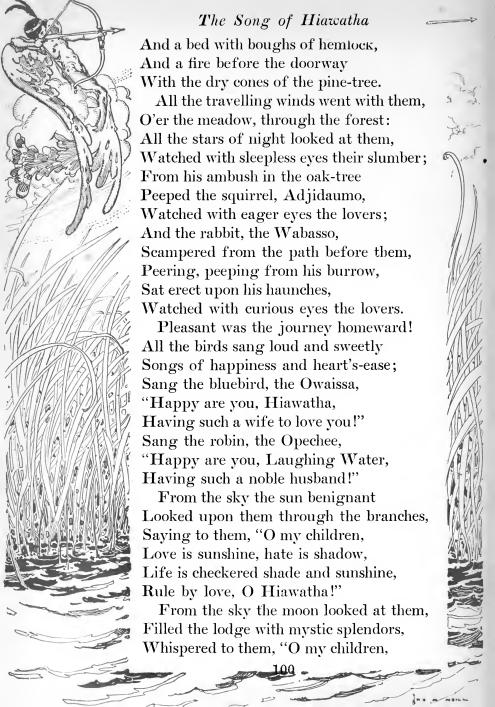
And the lovely Laughing Water Seemed more lovely, as she stood there, Neither willing nor reluctant, As she went to Hiawatha, Softly took the seat beside him, While she said, and blushed to say it, "I will follow you, my husband!"

This was Hiawatha's wooing!
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs!

From the wigwam he departed, Leading with him Laughing Water; Hand in hand they went together, Through the woodland and the meadow, Left the old man standing lonely At the doorway of his wigwam,

The Song of Hiawatha Heard the Falls of Minnehaha Calling to them from the distance, Crying to them from afar off, "Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!" And the ancient Arrow-maker Turned again unto his labor, Sat down by his sunny doorway, Murmuring to himself, and saying: "Thus it is our daughters leave us, Those we love, and those who love us! Just when they have learned to help us, When we are old and lean upon them, Comes a youth with flaunting feathers, With his flute of reeds, a stranger Wanders piping through the village, Beckons to the fairest maiden. And she follows where he leads her. Leaving all things for the stranger!" Pleasant was the journey homeward, Through interminable forests, Over meadow, over mountain, Over river, hill, and hollow. Short it seemed to Hiawatha. Though they journeyed very slowly, Though his pace he checked and slackened To the steps of Laughing Water. Over wide and rushing rivers In his arms he bore the maiden; Light he thought her as a feather, As the plume upon his head-gear; Cleared the tangled pathway for her, Bent aside the swaying branches, Made at night a lodge of branches,





Hiawatha's Wooing Day is restless, night is quiet, Man imperious, woman feeble; Half is mine, although I follow; Rule by patience, Laughing Water!" Thus it was they journeyed homeward; Thus it was that Hiawatha To the lodge of old Nokomis Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight Brought the sunshine of his people, Minnehaha, Laughing Water, Handsomest of all the women In the land of the Dacotahs, In the land of handsome women. 101



PART II

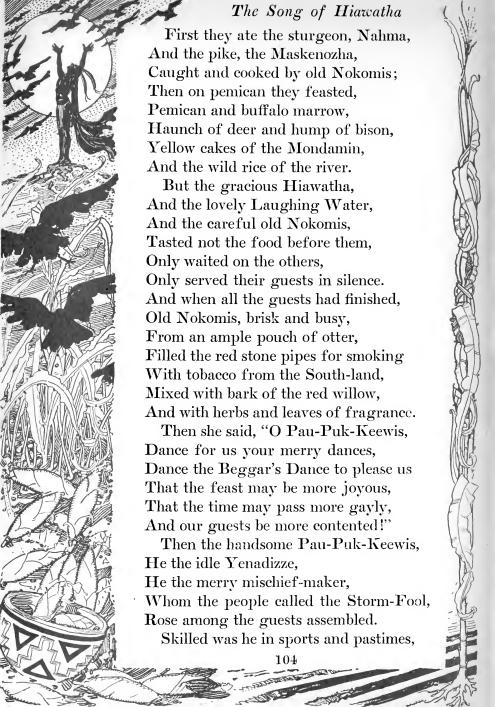
IX

HIAWATHA'S WEDDING-FEAST

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis, How the handsome Yenadizze Danced at Hiawatha's wedding; How the gentle Chibiabos, He the sweetest of musicians, Sang his songs of love and longing; How Iagoo, the great boaster, He the marvellous story-teller, Told his tales of strange adventure, That the feast might be more joyous, That the time might pass more gayly, And the guests be more contented.

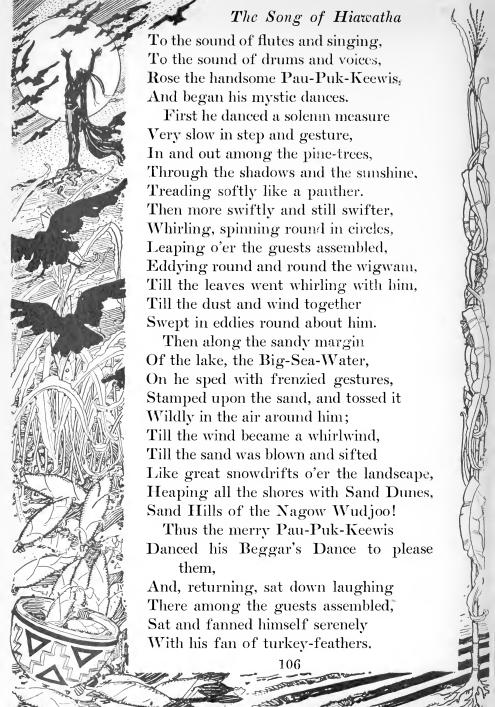
Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis Made at Hiawatha's wedding; All the bows were made of bass-wood, White and polished very smoothly, All the spoons of horn of bison, Black and polished very smoothly.

She had sent through all the village Messengers with wands of willow, As a sign of invitation, As a token of the feasting; And the wedding guests assembled, Clad in all their richest raiment, Robes of fur and belts of wampum, Splendid with their paint and plumage, Beautiful with beads and tassels.

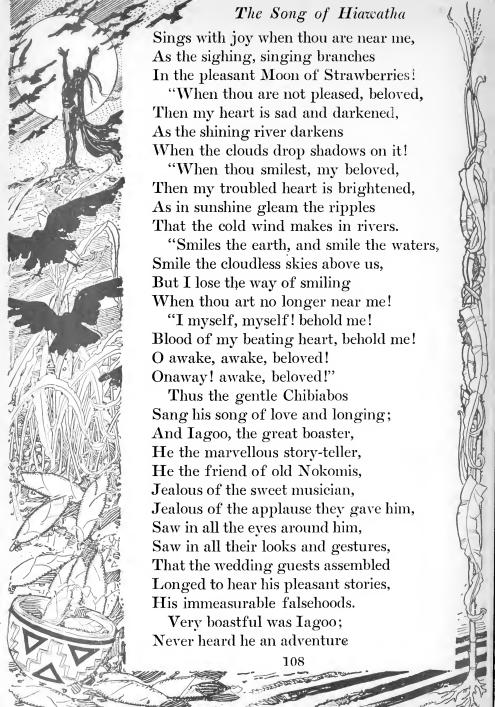


Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast In the merry dance of snow-shoes, In the play of quoits and ball-play; Skilled was he in games of hazard, In all games of skill and hazard, Pugasaing, the Bowl and Counters, Kuntassoo, the Game of Plum-stones. Though the warriors called him Faint-Heart. Called him coward, Shaugodaya, Idler, gambler, Yenadizze, Little heeded he their jesting, Little cared he for their insults. For the women and the maidens Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis. He was dressed in shirt of doe-skin. White and soft, and fringed with ermine, All inwrought with beads of wampum; He was dressed in deer-skin leggings, Fringed with hedgehog quills and ermine, And in moccasins of buck-skin. Thick with quills and beads embroidered. On his head were plumes of swan's down, On his heels were tails of foxes. In one hand a fan of feathers, And a pipe was in the other. Barred with streaks of red and yellow, Streaks of blue and bright vermilion, Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis. From his forehead fell his tresses. Smooth, and parted like a woman's,

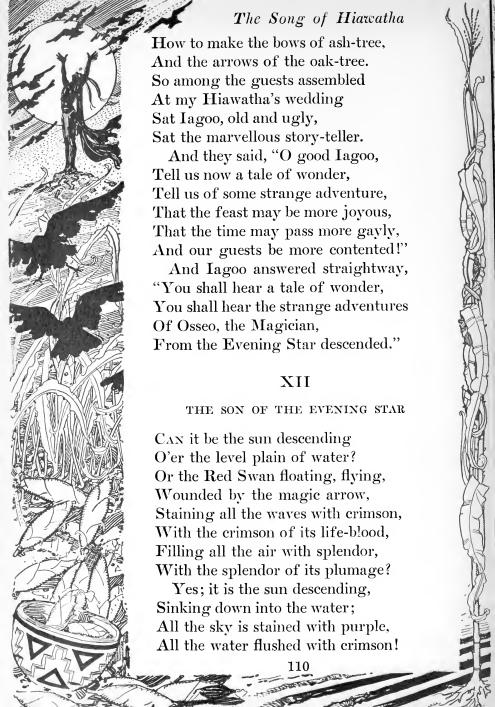
Shining bright with oil, and plaited, Hung with braids of scented grasses, As among the guests assembled,



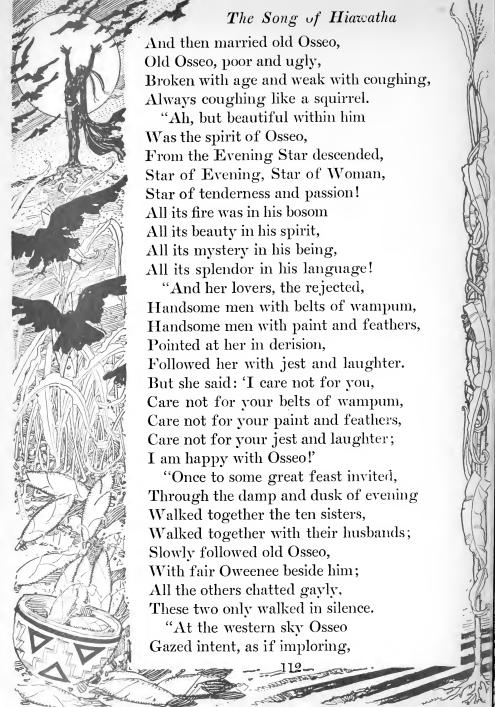
Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast Then they said to Chibiabos, To the friend of Hiawatha, To the sweetest of all singers, To the best of all musicians, "Sing to us, O Chibiabos! Songs of love and songs of longing, That the feast may be more joyous, That the time may pass more gayly, And our guests be more contented!" And the gentle Chibiabos Sang in accents sweet and tender, Sang in tones of deep emotion, Songs of love and songs of longing; Looking still at Hiawatha, Looking at fair Laughing Water, Sang he softly, sang in this wise: "Onaway! Awake, beloved! Thou the wild-flower of the forest! Thou the wild-bird of the prairie! Thou with eyes so soft and fawn-like! "If thou only lookest at me, I am happy, I am happy, As the lilies of the prairie, When they feel the dew upon them! "Sweet thy breath is as the fragrance Of the wild-flowers in the morning, As their fragrance is at evening, In the Moon when leaves are falling. "Does not all the blood within me Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee, As the springs to meet the sunshine, In the Moon when nights are brightest? "Onaway! my heart sings to thee,



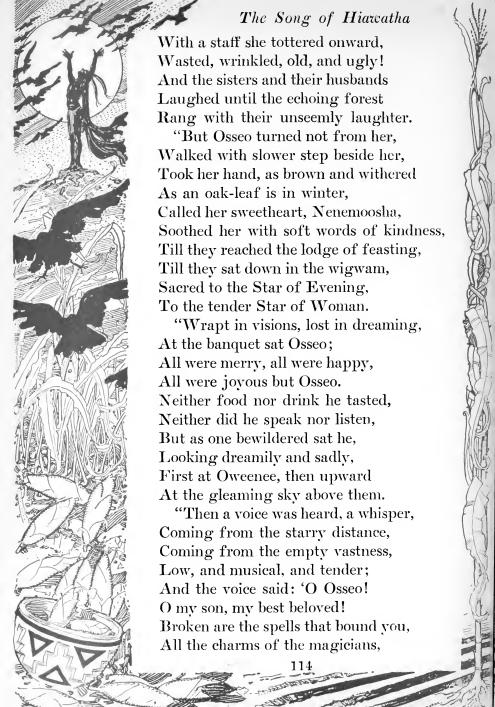
Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast But himself had met a greater; Never any deed of daring But himself had done a bolder: Never any marvellous story But himself could tell a stranger. Would you listen to his boasting, Would you only give him credence, No one ever shot an arrow Half so far and high as he had; Ever caught so many fishes, Ever killed so many reindeer, Ever trapped so many beaver! None could run so fast as he could, None could dive so deep as he could, None could swim so far as he could: None had made so many journeys, None had seen so many wonders, As this wonderful Iagoo, As this marvellous story-teller! Thus his name became a by-word And a jest among the people; And whene'er a boastful hunter Praised his own address too highly, Or a warrior, home returning, Talked too much of his achievements, All his hearers cried, "Iagoo! Here's Iagoo come among us!" He it was who carved the cradle Of the little Hiawatha, Carved its framework out of linden. Bound it strong with reindeer sinews; He it was who taught him later How to make his bows and arrows,



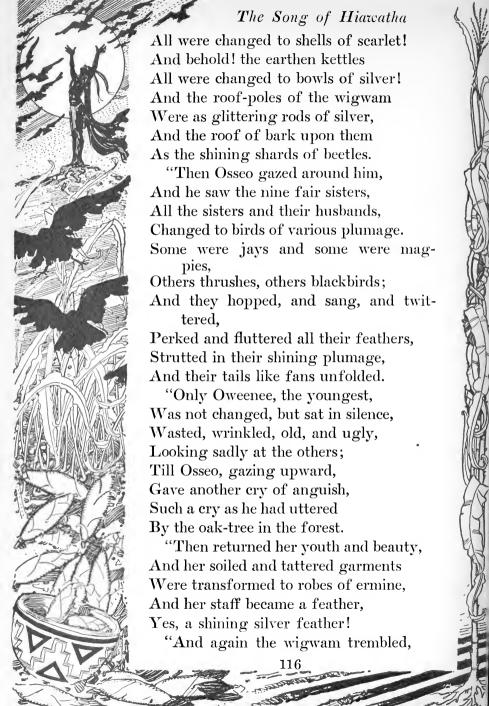
The Son of the Evening Star No; it is the Red Swan floating, Diving down beneath the water; To the sky its wings are lifted, With its blood the waves are reddened! Over it the Star of Evening Melts and trembles through the purple, Hangs suspended in the twilight. No; it is a bead of wampum On the robes of the Great Spirit, As he passes through the twilight, Walks in silence through the heavens. This with joy beheld Iagoo And he said in haste: "Behold it! See the sacred Star of Evening! You shall hear a tale of wonder, Hear the story of Osseo! Son of the Evening Star, Osseo! "Once, in days no more remembered, Ages nearer the beginning, When the heavens were closer to us, And the Gods were more familiar, In the North-land lived a hunter, With ten young and comely daughters, Tall and lithe as wands of willow; Only Oweenee, the youngest, She the wilful and the wayward, She the silent, dreamy maiden, Was the fairest of the sisters. "All these women married warriors, Married brave and haughty husbands; Only Oweenee, the youngest, Laughed and flouted all her lovers, All her young and handsome suitors,



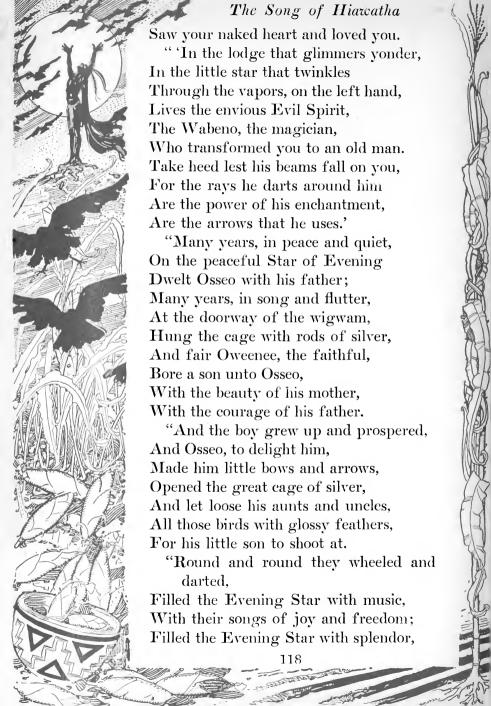
The Son of the Evening Star Often stopped and gazed imploring At the trembling Star of Evening, At the tender Star of Woman; And they heard him murmur softly, 'Ah, showain nemeshin, Nosa! Pity, pity me, my father!' "'Listen!' said the elder sister, 'He is praying to his father! What a pity that the old man Does not stumble in the pathway, Does not break his neck by falling! And they laughed till all the forest Rang with their unseemly laughter. "On their pathway through the woodlands Lay an oak, by storms uprooted, Lay the great trunk of an oak-tree, Buried half in leaves and mosses. Mouldering, crumbling, huge and hollow, And Osseo, when he saw it, Gave a shout, a cry of anguish, Leaped into its vawning cavern, At one end went in an old man, Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly; From the other came a young man, Tall and straight and strong and handsome. "Thus Osseo was transfigured, Thus restored to youth and beauty; But, alas for good Osseo, And for Oweenee, the faithful! Strangely, too, was she transfigured. Changed into a weak old woman,



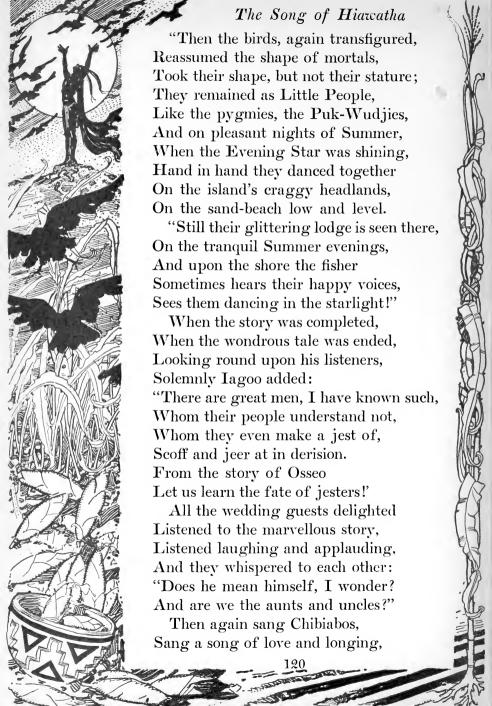
The Son of the Evening Star All the magic powers of evil; Come to me; ascend, Osseo! "Taste the food that stands before you: It is blessed and enchanted, It has magic virtues in it, It will change you to a spirit. All your bowls and all your kettles Shall be wood and clay no longer; But the bowls be changed to wampum, And the kettles shall be silver: They shall shine like shells of scarlet. Like the fire shall gleam and glimmer. "'And the women shall no longer Bear the dreary doom of labor, But be changed to birds, and glisten With the beauty of the starlight, Painted with the dusky splendors Of the skies and clouds of evening!' "What Osseo heard as whispers, What as words he comprehended, Was but music to the others. Music as of birds afar off, Of the whippoorwill afar off, Of the lonely Wawonaissa Singing in the darksome forest. "Then the lodge began to tremble, Straight began to shake and tremble, And they felt it rising, rising, Slowly through the air ascending, From the darkness of the tree-tops Forth into the dewy starlight, Till it passed the topmost branches; And behold! the wooden dishes



The Son of the Evening Star Swayed and rushed through airy currents. Through transparent cloud and vapor, And amid celestial splendors On the Evening Star alighted, As a snow-flake falls on snow-flake, As a leaf drops on a river, As the thistle-down on water. "Forth with cheerful words of welcome Came the father of Osseo, He with radiant locks of silver, He with eyes serene and tender. And he said: 'My son, Osseo, Hang the cage of birds you bring there, Hang the cage with rods of silver, And the birds with glistening feathers, At the doorway of my wigwam.' "At the door he hung the bird-cage, And they entered in and gladly Listened to Osseo's father, Ruler of the Star of Evening, As he said: 'O my Osseo! I have had compassion on you, Given you back your youth and beauty, Into birds of various plumage Changed your sisters and their husbands; Changed them thus because they mocked you; In the figure of the old man, In that aspect sad and wrinkled, Could not see your heart of passion, Could not see your youth immortal; Only Oweenee, the faithful,



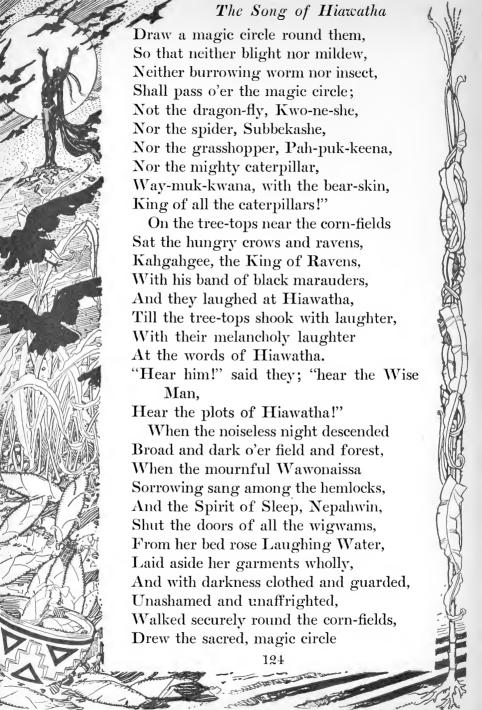
The Son of the Evening Star With the fluttering of their plumage; Till the boy, the little hunter, Bent his bow and shot an arrow. Shot a swift and fatal arrow, And a bird, with shining feathers, At his feet fell wounded sorely. "But, O wondrous transformation! 'T was no bird he saw before him! 'T was a beautiful young woman, With the arrow in her bosom! "When her blood fell on the planet, On the sacred Star of Evening, Broken was the spell of magic, Powerless was the strange enchantment, And the youth, the fearless bowman, Suddenly felt himself descending, Held by unseen hands, but sinking Downward through the empty spaces, Downward through the clouds and vapors, Till he rested on an island, On an island, green and grassy, Yonder in the Big-Sea-Water. "After him he saw descending All the birds with shining feathers, Fluttering, falling, wafted downward, Like the painted leaves of Autumn; And the lodge with poles of silver, With its roof like wings of beetles, Like the shining shards of beetles, By the winds of heaven uplifted, Slowly sank upon the island, Bringing back the good Osseo, Bringing Oweenee, the faithful.



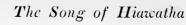
The Son of the Evening Star In those accents sweet and tender. In those tones of pensive sadness, Sang a maiden's lamentation For her lover, her Algonquin. "When I think of my beloved, Ah me! think of my beloved, When my heart is thinking of him, O my sweetheart, my Algonquin! "Ah me! when I parted from him, Round my neck he hung the wampum, As a pledge, the snow-white wampum, O my sweetheart, my Algonquin! "I will go with you, he whispered, Ah me! to your native country; Let me go with you, he whispered, O my sweetheart, my Algonquin! "Far away, away, I answered, Very far away, I answered, Ah me! is my native country, O my sweetheart, my Algonquin! "When I looked back to behold him, Where we parted, to behold him, After me he still was gazing, O my sweetheart, my Algonquin! "By the tree he still was standing, By the fallen tree was standing, That had dropped into the water, O my sweetheart, my Algonquin! "When I think of my beloved, Ah me! think of my beloved, When my heart is thinking of him, O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!" Such was Hiawatha's Wedding,

The Song of Hiawatha Such the dance of Pau-Puk-Keewis, Such the story of Iagoo, Such the songs of Chibiabos; Thus the wedding banquet ended, And the wedding guests departed, Leaving Hiawatha happy With the night and Minnehaha. XIII BLESSING THE CORN-FIELDS SING, O Song of Hiawatha, Of the happy days that followed, In the land of the Ojibways, In the pleasant land and peaceful! Sing the mysteries of Mondamin, Sing the Blessing of the Corn-fields! Buried was the bloody hatchet, Buried was the dreadful war-club, Buried were all warlike weapons, And the war-cry was forgotten. There was peace among the nations; Unmolested roved the hunters. Built the birch canoe for sailing, Caught the fish in lake and river, Shot the deer and trapped the beaver; Unmolested worked the women, Made their sugar from the maple, Gathered wild rice in the meadows, Dressed the skins of deer and beaver. All around the happy village Stood the maize-fields green and shining, Waved the green plumes of Mondamin,

Blessing the Corn-Fields Waved his soft and sunny tresses, Filling all the land with plenty. 'T was the women who in Spring-time Planted the broad fields and fruitful. Buried in the earth Mondamin: 'T was the women who in Autumn Stripped the yellow husks of harvest, Stripped the garments from Mondamin, Even as Hiawatha taught them. Once, when all the maize was planted, Hiawatha, wise and thoughtful, Spake and said to Minnehaha, To his wife, the Laughing Water: "You shall bless to-night the corn-fields, Draw a magic circle round them, To protect them from destruction, Blast of mildew, blight of insect, Wagemin, the thief of corn-fields, Paimosaid, who steals the maize-ear! "In the night, when all is silence, In the night, when all is darkness, When the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin, Shuts the doors of all the wigwams, So that not an ear can hear you, So that not an eye can see you, Rise up from your bed in silence, Lay aside your garments wholly, Walk around the fields you planted, Round the borders of the corn-fields, Covered by your tresses only, Robed with darkness as a garment. "Thus the fields shall be more fruitful, And the passing of your footsteps



Blessing the Corn-Fields Of her footprints round the corn-fields. No one but the Midnight only Saw her beauty in the darkness, No one but the Wawonaissa Heard the panting of her bosom: Guskewau, the darkness, wrapped her Closely in his sacred mantle, So that none might see her beauty, So that none might boast, "I saw her!" On the morrow, as the day dawned, Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens, Gathered all his black marauders. Crows and blackbirds, jays and ravens, Clamorous on the dusky tree-tops, And descended, fast and fearless, On the fields of Hiawatha, On the grave of the Mondamin. "We will drag Mondamin," said they, "From the grave where he is buried, Spite of all the magic circles Laughing Water draws around it, Spite of all the sacred footprints Minnehaha stamps upon it!" But the wary Hiawatha, Ever thoughtful, careful, watchful, Had o'erheard the scornful laughter When they mocked him from the treetops. "Kaw!" he said, "my friends the ravens! Kahgahgee, my King of Ravens! I will teach you all a lesson That shall not be soon forgotten!" He had risen before the daybreak,



He had spread o'er all the corn-fields Snares to catch the black marauders, And was lying now in ambush In the neighboring grove of pine-trees, Waiting for the crows and blackbirds, Waiting for the jays and ravens.

Soon they came with caw and clamor, Rush of wings and cry of voices, To their work of devastation, Settling down upon the corn-fields, Delving deep with beak and talon, For the body of Mondamin. And with all their craft and cunning, All their skill in wiles of warfare, They perceived no danger near them, Till their claws became entangled, Till they found themselves imprisoned In the snares of Hiawatha.

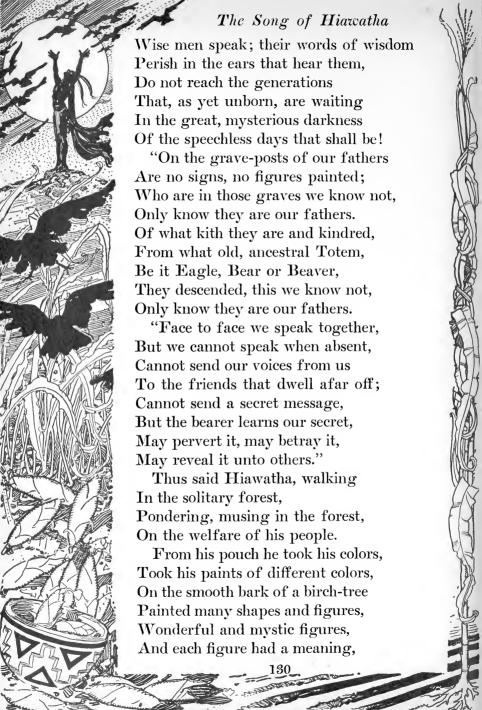
From his place of ambush came he,
Striding terrible among them,
And so awful was his aspect
That the bravest quailed with terror.
Without mercy he destroyed them
Right and left, by tens and twenties,
And their wretched, lifeless bodies
Hung aloft on poles for scarecrows
Round the consecrated corn-fields,
As a signal of his vengeance,
As a warning to marauders.

Only Kahgahgee, the leader, Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens, He alone was spared among them As a hostage for his people.

Blessing the Corn-Fields With his prisoner-string he bound him, Led him captive to his wigwam, Tied him fast with cords of elm-bark To the ridge-pole of his wigwam. "Kahgahgee, my raven!" said he, "You the leader of the robbers, You the plotter of this mischief, The contriver of this outrage, I will keep you, I will hold you, As a hostage for your people, As a pledge of good behavior!" And he left him, grim and sulky, Sitting in the morning sunshine On the summit of the wigwam, Croaking fiercely his displeasure, Flapping his great sable pinions, Vainly struggling for his freedom, Vainly calling on his people! Summer passed, and Shawondasee Breathed his sighs o'er all the landscape, From the South-land sent his ardors. Wafted kisses warm and tender: And the maize-field grew and ripened, Till it stood in all the splendor Of its garments green and yellow, Of its tassels and its plumage, And the maize-ears full and shining Gleamed from bursting sheaths of verdure. Then Nokomis, the old woman, Spake, and said to Minnehaha: "'T is the Moon when leaves are falling; All the wild-rice has been gathered,

The Song of Hiawatha And the maize is ripe and ready; Let us gather in the harvest, Let us wrestle with Mondamin. Strip him of his plumes and tassels, Of his garments green and yellow!" And the merry Laughing Water Went rejoicing from the wigwam, With Nokomis, old and wrinkled, And they called the women round them, Called the young men and the maidens, To the harvest of the corn-fields, To the husking of the maize-ear. On the border of the forest, Underneath the fragrant pine-trees, Sat the old men and the warriors Smoking in the pleasant shadow. In uninterrupted silence Looked they at the gamesome labor Of the young men and the women; Listened to their noisy talking, To their laughter and their singing, Heard them chattering like the magpies, Heard them laughing like the blue-jays, Heard them singing like the robins. And whene'er some lucky maiden Found a red ear in the husking, Found a maize-ear red as blood is. "Nushka!" cried they all together, "Nushka! you shall have a sweetheart, You shall have a handsome husband!" "Ugh!" the old men all responded, From their seats beneath the pine-trees. And whene'er a youth or maiden

Blessing the Corn-Fields Found a crooked ear in husking, Found a maize-ear in the husking Blighted, mildewed, or misshapen, Then they laughed and sang together, Crept and limped about the corn-fields, Mimicked in their gait and gestures Some old man, bent almost double, Singing singly or together: "Wagemin, the thief of corn-fields! Paimosaid, who steals the maize-ear!" Till the corn-fields rang with laughter, Till from Hiawatha's wigwam Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens, Screamed and quivered in his anger, And from all the neighboring tree-tops Cawed and croaked the black marauders. "Ugh!" the old men all responded, From their seats beneath the pine-trees! XIV PICTURE-WRITING In those days said Hiawatha, "Lo! how all things fade and perish! From the memory of the old men Pass away the great traditions, The achievements of the warriors, The adventures of the hunters, All the wisdom of the Medas, All the craft of the Wabenos, All the marvellous dreams and visions Of the Jossakeeds, the Prophets! "Great men die and are forgotten,



Picture-Writing

Each some word or thought suggested.

Gitche Manito the Mighty,
He, the Master of Life, was painted
As an egg, with points projecting
To the four winds of the heavens.
Everywhere is the Great Spirit,

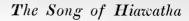
Everywhere is the Great Spirit, Was the meaning of this symbol.

Mitche Manito the Mighty,
He the dreadful Spirit of Evil,
As a serpent was depicted,
As Kenabeek, the great serpent.
Very crafty, very cunning,
Is the creeping Spirit of Evil,
Was the meaning of this symbol.

Life and Death he drew as circles, Life was white, but Death was darkened; Sun and moon and stars he painted, Man and beast, and fish and reptile, Forests, mountains, lakes, and rivers.

For the earth he drew a straight line, For the sky a bow above it;
White the space between for day-time,
Filled with little stars for night-time;
On the left a point for sunrise,
On the right a point for sunset,
On the top a point for noontide,
And for rain and cloudy weather
Waving lines descending from it.

Footprints pointing towards a wigwam Were a sign of invitation,
Were a sign of guests assembling;
Bloody hands with palms uplifted
Were a symbol of destruction,



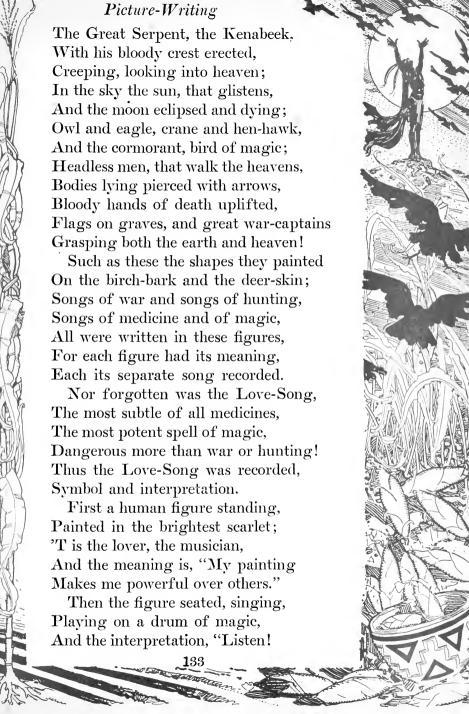
Were a hostile sign and symbol.

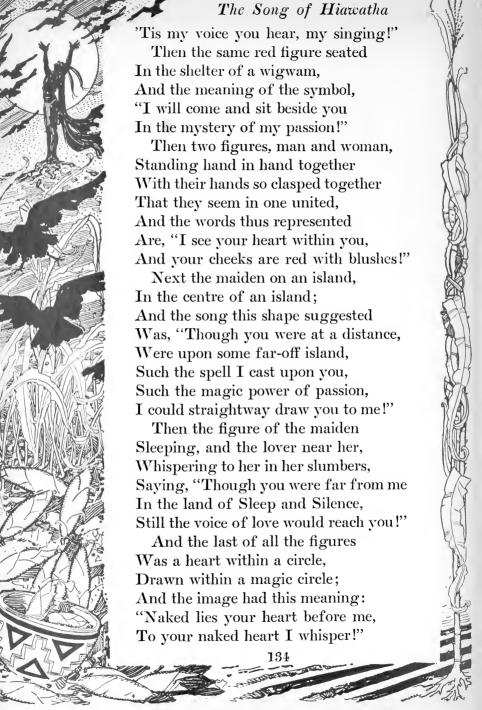
All these things did Hiawatha
Show unto his wondering people,
And interpreted their meaning,
And he said: "Behold, your grave-posts
Have no mark, no sign, nor symbol.
Go and paint them all with figures;
Each one with its household symbol,
With its own ancestral Totem;
So that those who follow after
May distinguish them and know them."

And they painted on the grave-posts
On the graves yet unforgotten,
Each his own ancestral Totem,
Each the symbol of his household;
Figures of the Bear and Reindeer,
Of the Turtle, Crane, and Beaver,
Each inverted, as a token
That the owner was departed,
That the chief who bore the symbol
Lay beneath in dust and ashes.

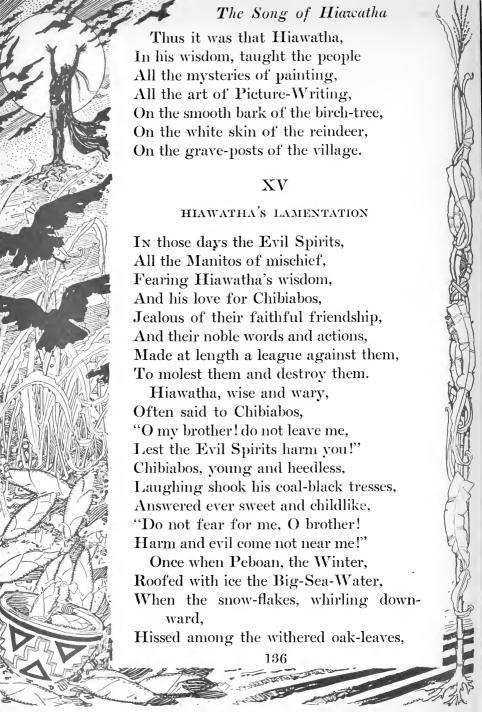
And the Jossakeeds, the Prophets,
The Wabenos, the Magicians,
And the Medicine-men, the Medas,
Painted upon bark and deer-skin
Figures for the songs they chanted,
For each song a separate symbol,
Figures mystical and awful,
Figures strange and brightly colored;
And each figure had its meaning,
Each some magic song suggested.

The Great Spirit, the Creator, Flashing light through all the heaven;

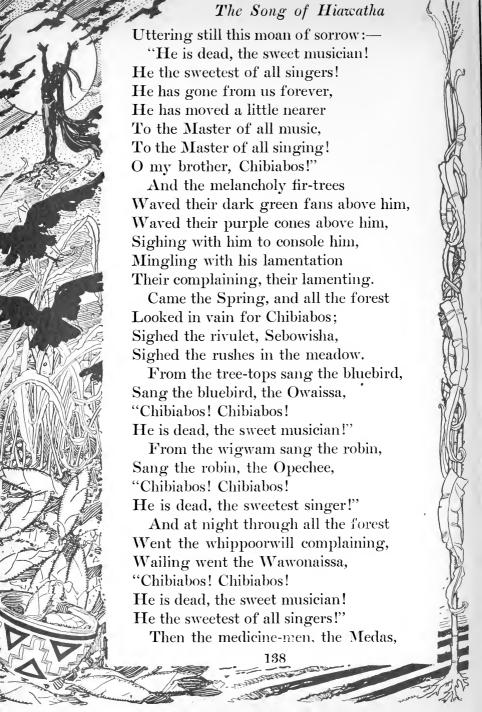




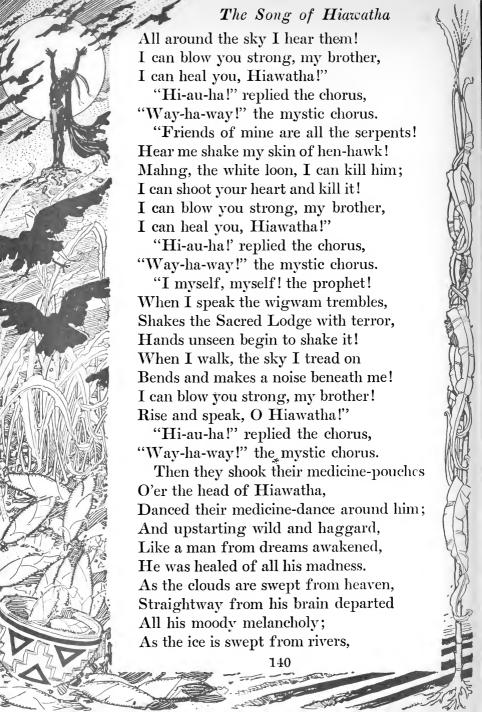




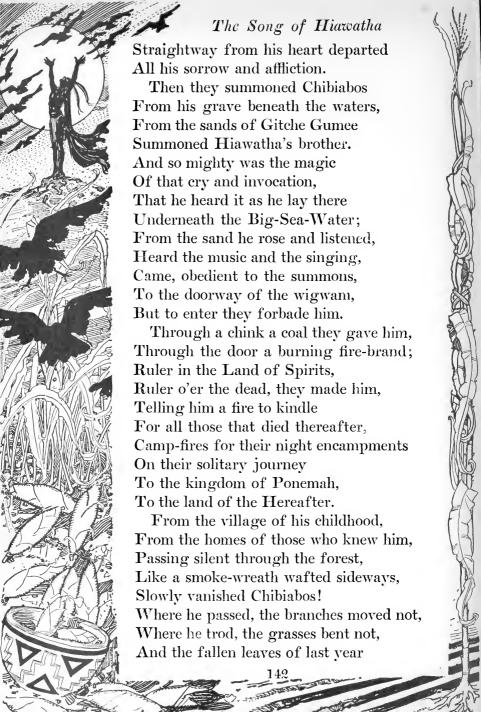
Hiawatha's Lamentation Changed the pine-trees into wigwams, Covered all the earth with silence,— Armed with arrows, shod with snow-shoes, Heeding not his brother's warning, Fearing not the Evil Spirits, Forth to hunt the deer with antlers All alone went Chibiabos. Right across the Big-Sea-Water Sprang with speed the deer before him. With the wind and snow he followed. O'er the treacherous ice he followed, Wild with all the fierce commotion And the rapture of the hunting. But beneath, the Evil Spirits Lay in ambush, waiting for him, Broke the treacherous ice beneath him, Dragged him downward to the bottom, Buried in the sand his body. Unktahee, the god of water, He the god of the Dacotahs, Drowned him in the deep abvsses Of the lake of Gitche Gumee. From the headlands Hiawatha Sent forth such a wail of anguish, Such a fearful lamentation. That the bison paused to listen, And the wolves howled from the prairies, And the thunder in the distance Starting answered "Baim-wawa!" Then his face with black he painted, With his robe his head he covered. In his wigwam sat lamenting, Seven long weeks he sat lamenting,



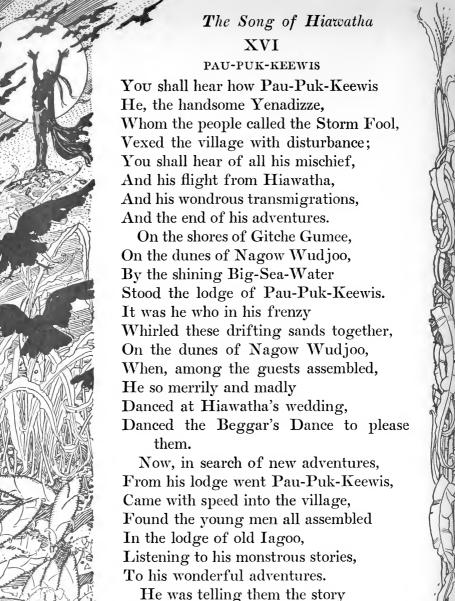
Higwatha's Lamentation The magicians, the Wabenos, And the Jossakeeds, the prophets, Came to visit Hiawatha: Built a Sacred Lodge beside him, To appease him, to console him, Walked in silent, grave procession, Bearing each a pouch of healing, Skin of beaver, lynx, or otter, Filled with magic roots and simples, Filled with very potent medicines. When he heard their steps approaching, Hiawatha ceased lamenting, Called no more on Chibiabos; Naught he questioned, naught he swered, But his mournful head uncovered, From his face the mourning colors Washed he slowly and in silence, Slowly and in silence followed Onward to the Sacred Wigwam. There a magic drink they gave him, Made of Nahma-wusk, the spearmint, And Wabeno-wusk, the yarrow, Roots of power, and herbs of healing; Beat their drums, and shook their rattles; Chanted singly and in chorus, Mystic songs, like these, they chanted. "I myself, myself! behold me! 'T is the great Gray Eagle talking; Come, ye white crows, come and hear him! The loud-speaking thunder helps me; All the unseen spirits help me; I can hear their voices calling,





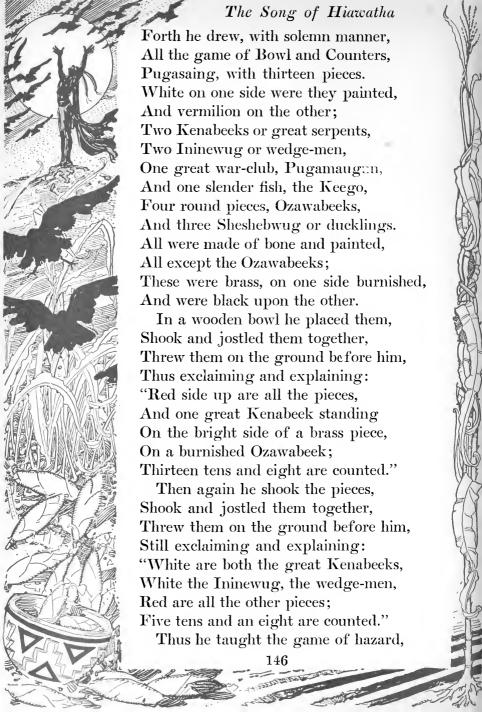


Hiawatha's Lamentation Made no sound beneath his footsteps. Four whole days he journeyed onward Down the pathway of the dead men; On the dead man's strawberry feasted, Crossed the melancholy river, On the swinging log he crossed it,— Came unto the Lake of Silver. In the Stone Canoe was carried To the Islands of the Blessed, To the land of ghosts and shadows. On that journey, moving slowly, Many weary spirits saw he, Panting under heavy burdens, Laden with war-clubs, bows and arrows, Robes of fur, and pots and kettles, And with food that friends had given For that solitary journey. "Ay! why do the living," said they, "Lay such heavy burdens on us! Better were it to go naked, Better were it to go fasting, Than to bear such heavy burdens On our long and weary journey!" Forth then issued Hiawatha, Wandered eastward, wandered westward, Teaching men the use of simples And the antidotes for poisons, And the cure of all diseases. Thus was first made known to mortals All the mystery of Medamin, All the sacred art of healing.

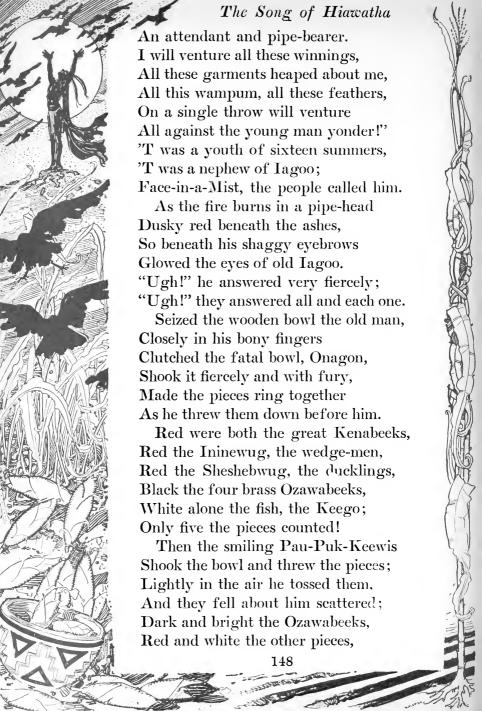


Of Ojeeg, the Summer-Maker, How he made a hole in heaven, How he climbed up into heaven,

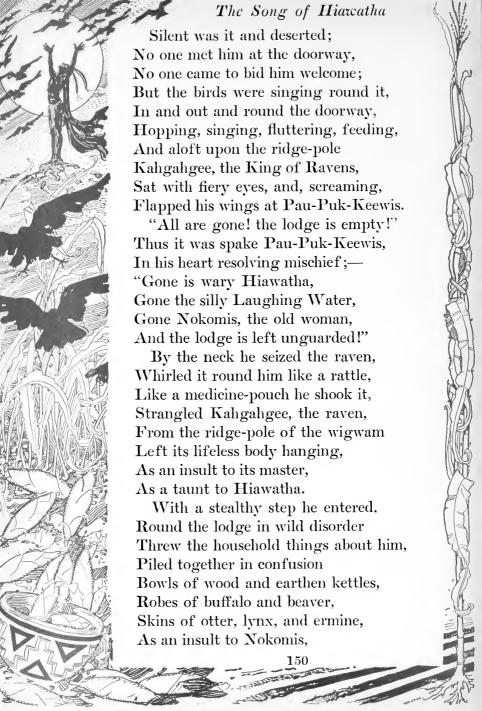
Pau-Puk-Keewis And let out the summer-weather, The perpetual, pleasant Summer; How the Otter first essayed it; How the Beaver, Lynx, and Badger Tried in turn the great achievement, From the summit of the mountain Smote their fists against the heavens, Smote against the sky their foreheads, Cracked the sky, but could not break it; How the Wolverine, uprising, Made him ready for the encounter, Bent his knees down, like a squirrel, Drew his arms back, like a cricket. "Once he leaped," said old Iagoo, "Once he leaped, and lo! above him Bent the sky, as ice in rivers When the waters rise beneath it; Twice he leaped, and lo! above him Cracked the sky, as ice in rivers When the freshet is at highest! Thrice he leaped, and lo! above him Broke the shattered sky asunder, And he disappeared within it, And Ojeeg, the Fisher Weasel, With a bound went in behind him!" "Hark you!" shouted Pau-Puk-Keewis As he entered at the doorway; "I am tired of all this talking, Tired of old Iagoo's stories, Tired of Hiawatha's wisdom. Here is something to amuse you, Better than this endless talking." Then from out his pouch of wolf-skin



Pau-Puk-Keewis Thus displayed it and explained it, Running through its various chances, Various changes, various meanings: Twenty curious eyes stared at him, Full of eagerness stared at him. "Many games," said old Iagoo, "Many games of skill and hazard Have I seen in different nations. Have I played in different countries. He who plays with old Iagoo Must have very nimble fingers; Though you think yourself so skilful I can beat you, Pau-Puk-Keewis, I can even give you lessons In your game of Bowl and Counters!" So they sat and played together, All the old men and the young men, Played for dresses, weapons, wampum, Played till midnight, played till morning, Played until the Yenadizze, Till the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis, Of their treasures had despoiled them, Of the best of all their dresses, Shirts of deer-skin, robes of ermine, Belts of wampum, crests of feathers, Warlike weapons, pipes and pouches. Twenty eyes glared wildly at him, Like the eyes of wolves glared at him. Said the lucky Pau-Puk-Keewis: "In my wigwam I am lonely, In my wanderings and adventures I have need of a companion, Fain would have a Meshinauwa,



Pau-Puk-Keewis And upright among the others One Ininewug was standing, Even as crafty Pau-Puk-Keewis Stood alone among the players, Saying, "Five tens! mine the game is!" Twenty eyes glared at him fiercely, Like the eyes of wolves glared at him, As he turned and left the wigwam, Followed by his Meshinauwa, By the nephew of Iagoo, By the tall and graceful stripling, Bearing in his arms the winnings, Shirts of deer-skin, robes of ermine, Belts of wampum, pipes and weapons. "Carry them," said Pau-Puk-Keewis, Pointing with his fan of feathers, "To my wigwam far to eastward, On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo!" Hot and red with smoke and gambling Were the eves of Pau-Puk-Keewis As he came forth to the freshness Of the pleasant Summer morning. All the birds were singing gayly, All the streamlets flowing swiftly, And the heart of Pau-Puk-Keewis Sang with pleasure as the birds sing, Beat with triumph like the streamlets, As he wandered through the village, In the early gray of morning, With his fan of turkey-feathers, With his plumes and tufts of swan's down Till he reached the farthest wigwam, Reached the lodge of Hiawatha.



Pau-Puk-Keewis

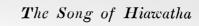
As a taunt to Minnehaha.

Then departed Pau-Puk-Keewis, Whistling, singing through the forest, Whistling gayly to the squirrels, Who from hollow boughs above him Dropped their acorn-shells upon him, Singing gayly to the wood-birds, Who from out the leafy darkness Answered with a song as merry.

Then he climbed the rocky headlands Looking o'er the Gitchee Gumee, Perched himself upon their summit, Waiting full of mirth and mischief The return of Hiawatha.

Stretched upon his back he lay there;
Far below him plashed the waters,
Plashed and washed the dreamy waters,
Far above him swam the heavens,
Swam the dizzy, dreamy heavens;
Round him hovered, fluttered, rustled,
Hiawatha's mountain chickens,
Flock-wise swept and wheeled about him,
Almost brushed him with their pinions.

And he killed them as he lay there, Slaughtered them by tens and twenties, Threw their bodies down the headland, Threw them on the beach below him, Till at length Kayoshk, the sea-gull, Perched upon a crag above them, Shouted: "It is Pau-Puk-Keewis! He is slaying us by hundreds! Send a message to our brother, Tidings send to Hiawatha!"



XVII

THE HUNTING OF PAU-PUK-KEEWIS

Full of wrath was Hiawatha
When he came into the village,
Found the people in confusion,
Heard of all the misdemeanors,
All the malice and the mischief,
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis.

Hard his breath came through his nostrils.

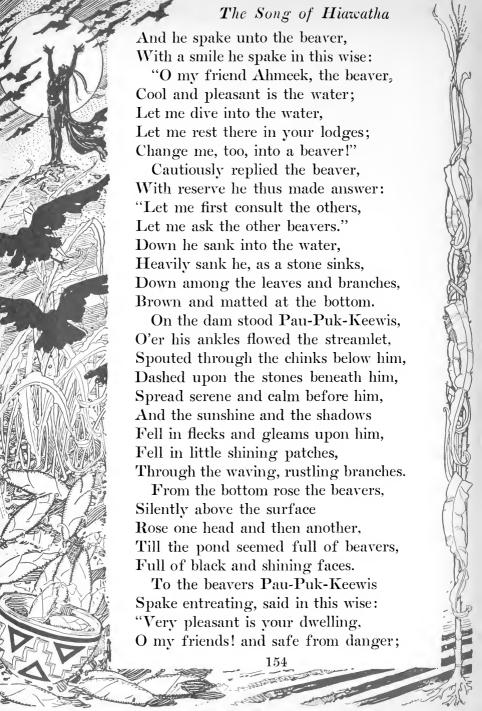
Through his teeth he buzzed and muttered

Words of anger and resentment,
Hot and humming like a hornet.
"I will slay this Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Slay this mischief-maker!" said he.
"Not so long and wide the world is,
Not so rude and rough the way is,
That my wrath shall not attain him,
That my vengeance shall not reach him!"

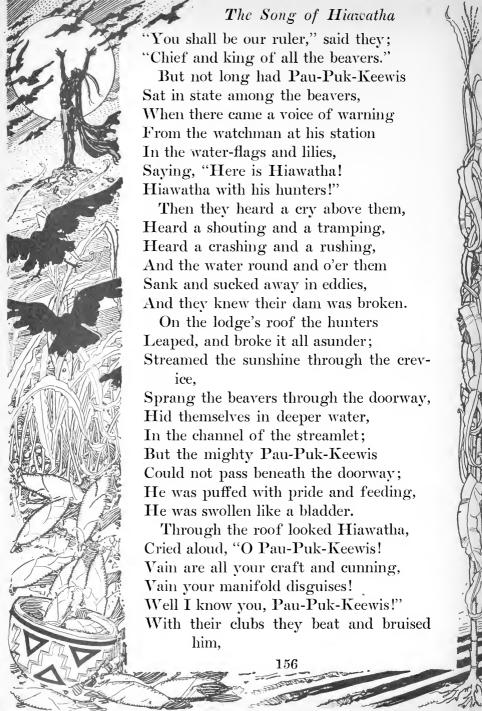
Then in swift pursuit departed Hiawatha and the hunters On the trail of Pau-Puk-Keewis, Through the forest, where he passed it, To the headlands where he rested; But they found not Pau-Puk-Keewis, Only in the trampled grasses, In the whortleberry-bushes, Found the couch where he had rested, Found the impress of his body.

From the lowlands far beneath them, From the Muskoday, the meadow,

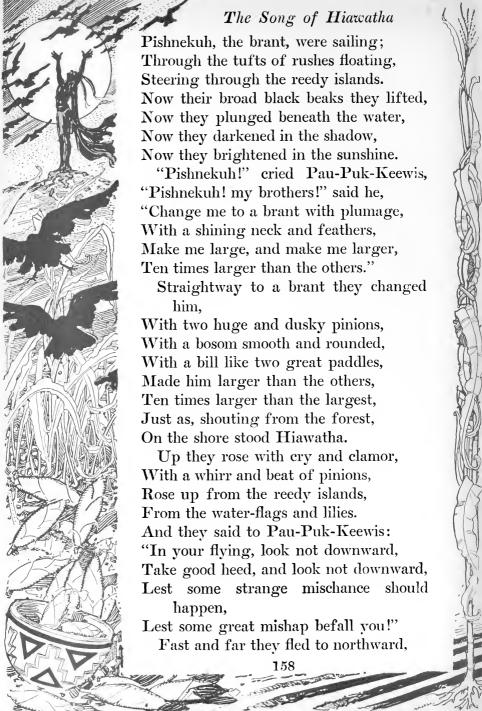
The Hunting of Pau-Puk-Keewis Pau-Puk-Keewis, turning backward, Made a gesture of defiance, Made a gesture of derision; And aloud cried Hiawatha. From the summit of the mountains: "Not so long and wide the world is, Not so rude and rough the way is, But my wrath shall overtake you, And my vengeance shall attain you!" Over rock and over river. Through bush, and brake, and forest, Ran the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis; Like an antelope he bounded, Till he came unto a streamlet In the middle of the forest, To a streamlet still and tranquil, That had overflowed its margin, To a dam made by the beavers, To a pond of quiet water, Where knee-deep the trees were standing, Where the water-lilies floated, Where the rushes waved and whispered. On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis, On the dam of trunks and branches, Through whose chinks the water spouted, O'er whose summit flowed the streamlet. From the bottom rose the beaver, Looked with two great eyes of wonder, Eyes that seemed to ask a question, At the stranger, Pau-Puk-Keewis. On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis, O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet. Flowed the bright and silvery water,



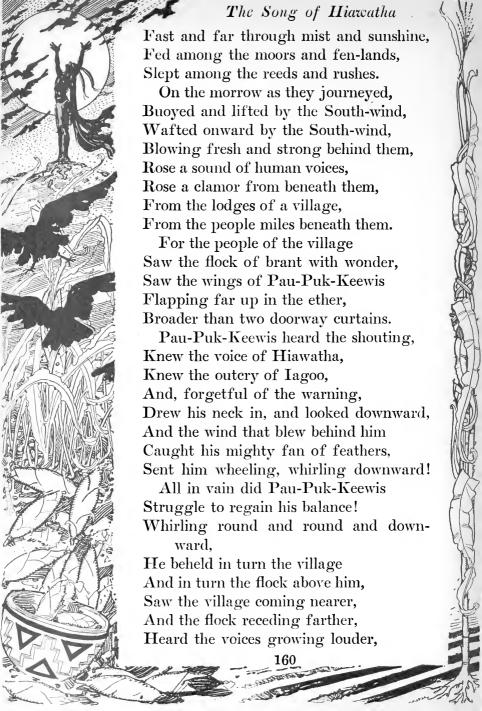
The Hunting of Pau-Puk-Keewis Can you not with all your cunning, All your wisdom and contrivance, Change me, too, into a beaver?" "Yes!" replied Ahmeek, the beaver, He the King of all the beavers, "Let yourself slide down among us, Down into the tranquil water." Down into the pond among them Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis; Black became his shirt of deer-skin. Black his moccasins and leggins, In a broad black tail behind him Spread his fox-tails and his fringes; He was changed into a beaver. "Make me large," said Pau-Puk-Keewis. "Make me large and make me larger, Larger than the other beavers." "Yes," the beaver chief responded, "When our lodge below you enter, In our wigwam we will make you Ten times larger than the others." Thus into the clear brown water Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis; Found the bottom covered over With the trunks of trees and branches, Hoards of food against the winter, Piles and heaps against the famine, Found the lodge with arching doorway, Leading into spacious chambers. Here they made him large and larger, Made him largest of the beavers, Ten times larger than the others.



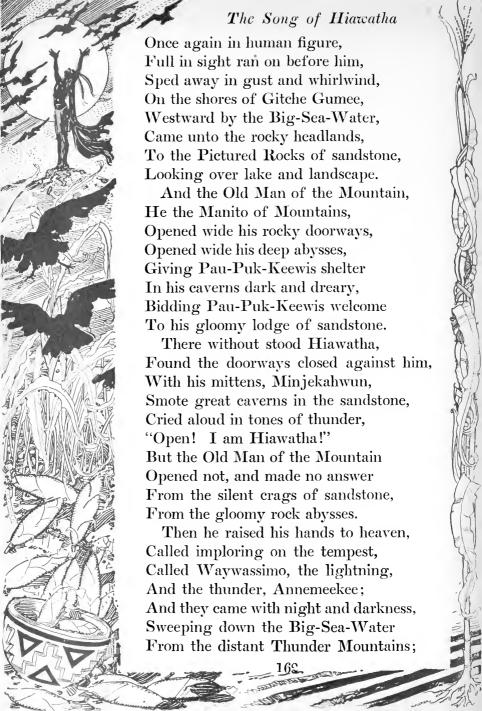
The Hunting of Pau-Puk-Keewis Beat to death poor Pau-Puk-Keewis, Pounded him as maize is pounded, Till his skull was crushed to pieces. Six tall hunters, lithe and limber, Bore him home on poles and branches, Bore the body of the beaver; But the ghost, the Jeebi in him, Thought and felt as Pau-Puk-Keewis, Still lived on as Pau-Puk-Keewis. And it fluttered, strove, and struggled, Waving hither, waving thither, As the curtains of a wigwam Struggle with their thongs of deer-skin, When the wintry wind is blowing; Till it drew itself together, Till it rose up from the body, Till it took the form and features Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis Vanishing into the forest. But the wary Hiawatha Saw the figure ere it vanished, Saw the form of Pau-Puk-Keewis Glide into the soft blue shadow Of the pine-trees of the forest; Toward the squares of white beyond it, Toward an opening in the forest, Like a wind it rushed and panted, Bending all the boughs before it, And behind it, as the rain comes, Came the steps of Hiawatha. To a lake with many islands Came the breathless Pau-Puk-Keewis. Where among the water-lilies







The Hunting of Pau-Puk-Keewis Heard the shouting and the laughter; Saw no more the flock above him, Only saw the earth beneath him; Dead out of the empty heaven, Dead among the shouting people, With a heavy sound and sullen, Fell the brant with broken pinions. But his soul, his ghost, his shadow, Still survived as Pau-Puk-Keewis, Took again the form and features Of the handsome Yenadizze. And again went rushing onward, Followed fast by Hiawatha, Crying: "Not so wide the world is, Not so long and rough the way is, But my wrath shall overtake you, But my vengeance shall attain you!" And so near he came, so near him, That his hand was stretched to seize him, His right hand to seize and hold him, When the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis Whirled and spun about in circles, Fanned the air into a whirlwind. Danced the dust and leaves about him. And amid the whirling eddies Sprang into a hollow oak-tree, Changed himself into a serpent, Gliding out through root and rubbish. With his right hand Hiawatha Smote amain the hollow oak-tree, Rent it into shreds and splinters, Left it lying there in fragments. But in vain; for Pau-Puk-Keewis.



The Hunting of Pau-Puk-Keewis

And the trembling Pau-Puk-Keewis Heard the footsteps of the thunder, Saw the red eyes of the lightning, Was afraid, and crouched and trembled.

Then Waywassimo, the lightning, Smote the doorways of the caverns, With his war-club smote the doorways, Smote the jutting crags of sandstone, And the thunder, Annemeekee, Shouted down into the caverns, Saying, "Where is Pau-Puk-Keewis!" And the crags fell, and beneath them Dead among the rocky ruins Lay the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis, Lay the handsome Yenadizze, Slain in his own human figure.

Ended were his wild adventures, Ended were his tricks and gambols, Ended all his craft and cunning, Ended all his mischief-making, All his gambling and his dancing, All his wooing of the maidens.

Then the noble Hiawatha
Took his soul, his ghost, his shadow,
Spake and said: "O Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Never more in human figure
Shall you search for new adventures;
Never more with jest and laughter
Dance the dust and leaves in whirlwinds:
But above there in the heavens
You shall soar and sail in circles;
I will change you to an eagle,
To Keneu, the great war-eagle,

The Song of Hiawatha

Chief of all the fowls with feathers, Chief of Hiawatha's chickens."

And the name of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Lingers still among the people,
Lingers still among the singers;
And among the story-tellers;
And in Winter, when the snow-flakes
Whirl in eddies round the lodges,
When the wind in gusty tumult
O'er the smoke-flue pipes and whistles,
"There," they cry, "comes Pau-Puk-Keewis;

He is dancing through the village, He is gathering in his harvest!"

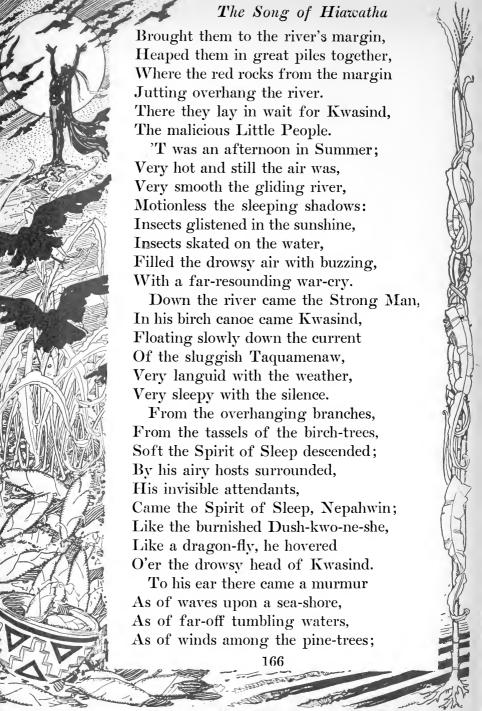
XVIII

THE DEATH OF KWASIND

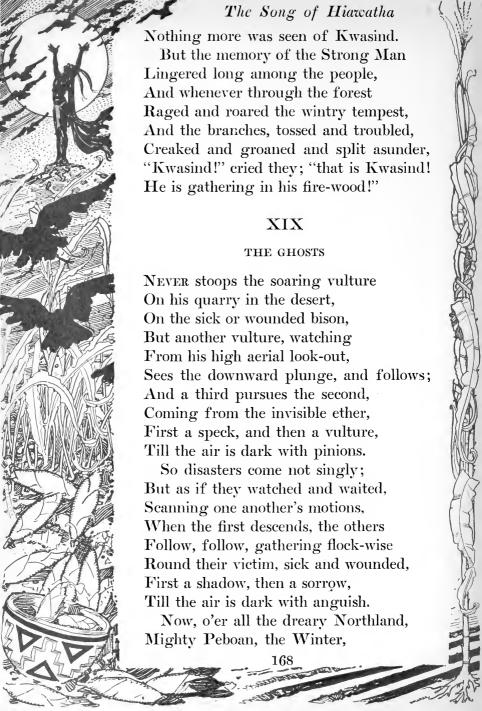
FAR and wide among the nations
Spread the name and fame of Kwasind;
No man dared to strive with Kwasind,
No man could compete with Kwasind.
But the mischievous Puk-Wudjies,
They the envious Little People,
They the fairies and the pygmies,
Plotted and conspired against him.

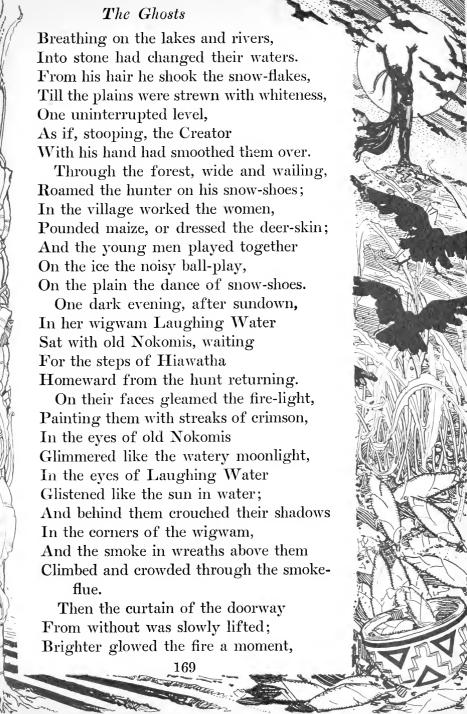
"If this hateful Kwasind," said they,
"If this great, outrageous fellow
Goes on thus a little longer,
Tearing everything he touches,
Rending everything to pieces,
Filling all the world with wonder,
What becomes of the Puk-Wudjies?

The Death of Kwasind Who will care for the Puk-Wudjies? He will tread us down like mushrooms, Drive us all into the water, Give our bodies to be eaten By the wicked Nee-ba-naw-baigs, By the Spirits of the water!" So the angry Little People All conspired against the Strong Man, All conspired to murder Kwasind, Yes, to rid the world of Kwasind, The audacious, overbearing, Heartless, haughty, dangerous Kwasind! Now this wondrous strength of Kwasind In his crown alone was seated; In his crown too was his weakness; There alone could be wounded, Nowhere else could weapon pierce him, Nowhere else could weapon harm him. Even there the only weapon That could wound him, that could slay him. Was the seed-cone of the pine-tree, Was the blue cone of the fir-tree. This was Kwasind's fatal secret, Known to no man among mortals; But the cunning Little People, The Puk-Wudjies, knew the secret, Knew the only way to kill him. So they gathered cones together, Gathered seed-cones of the pine-tree, Gathered blue cones of the fir-tree. In the woods by Taquamenaw,



The Death of Kwasind And he felt upon his forehead Blows of little airy war-clubs, Wielded by the slumbrous legions Of the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin, $A\bar{s}$ of some one breathing on him. At the first blow of their war-clubs, Fell a drowsiness on Kwasind; At the second blow they smote him, Motionless his paddle rested; At the third, before his vision Reeled the landscape into darkness, Very sound asleep was Kwasind. So he floated down the river, Like a blind man seated upright, Floated down the Taquamenaw, Underneath the trembling birch-trees, Underneath the wooden headlands, Underneath the war encampment Of the pygmies, the Puk-Wudjies. There they stood, all armed and waiting, Hurled the pine-cones down upon him, Struck him on his brawny shoulders, On his crown defenceless struck him. "Death to Kwasind!" was the sudden War-cry of the Little People. And he sideways swayed and tumbled, Sideways fell into the river, Plunged beneath the sluggish water Headlong, as an otter plunges; And the birch canoe, abandoned, Drifted empty down the river, Bottom upward swerved and drifted:



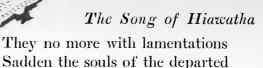


The Song of Hiawatha And a moment swerved the smoke-wreath, As two women entered softly, Passed the doorway uninvited, Without word of salutation, Without sign of recognition, Sat down in the farthest corner. Crouching low among the shadows. From their aspect and their garments, Strangers seemed they in the village; Very pale and haggard were they, As they sat there sad and silent, Trembling, cowering with the shadows. Was it the wind above the smoke-flue, Muttering down into the wigwam? Was it the owl, the Koko-koho, Hooting from the dismal forest? Sure a voice said in the silence: "These are corpses clad in garments, These are ghosts that come to haunt you, From the kingdom of Ponemah, From the land of the Hereafter!" Homeward now came Hiawatha From his hunting in the forest, With the snow upon his tresses, And the red deer on his shoulders. At the feet of Laughing Water Down he threw his lifeless burden: Nobler, handsomer she thought him, Than when first he came to woo her, First threw down the deer before her, As a token of his wishes. As a promise of the future. Then he turned and saw the strangers,

The Ghosts Cowering, crouching with the shadows; Said within himself, "Who are they? What strange guests has Minnehaha?" But he questioned not the strangers, Only spake to bid them welcome To his lodge, his food, his fireside. When the evening meal was ready, And the deer had been divided, Both the pallid guests, the strangers, Springing from among the shadows, Seized upon the choicest portions, Seized the white fat of the roebuck, Set apart for Laughing Water, For the wife of Hiawatha; Without asking, without thanking, Eagerly devoured the morsels, Flitted back among the shadows In the corner of the wigwam. Not a word spake Hiawatha, Not a motion made Nokomis, Not a gesture Laughing Water; Not a change came o'er their features; Only Minnehaha softly Whispered, saying, "They are famished Let them do what best delights them; Let them eat, for they are famished." Many a daylight dawned and darkened, Many a night shook off the daylight As the pine shakes off the snow-flakes From the midnight of its branches; Day by day the guests unmoving Sat there silent in the wigwam; But by night, in storm or starlight,

The Song of Hiawatha Forth they went into the forest, Bringing fire-wood to the wigwam, Bringing pine-cones for the burning, Always sad and always silent. And whenever Hiawatha Came from fishing or from hunting, When the evening meal was ready, And the food had been divided, Gliding from their darksome corner, Came the pallid guests, the strangers, Seized upon the choicest portions Set aside for Laughing Water, And without rebuke or question Flitted back among the shadows. Never once had Hiawatha By a word or look reproved them; Never once had old Nokomis Made a gesture of impatience; Never once had Laughing Water Shown resentment at the outrage. All had they endured in silence, That the rights of guest and stranger, That the virtue of free-giving, By a look might not be lessened, By a word might not be broken. Once at midnight Hiawatha, Ever wakeful, ever watchful, In the wigwam, dimly lighted By the brands that still were burning, By the glimmering, flickering fire-light, Heard a sighing, oft repeated, Heard a sobbing as of sorrow. From his couch rose Hiawatha.

The Ghosts From his shaggy hides of bison, Pushed aside the deer-skin curtain. Saw the pallid guests, the shadows, Sitting upright on their couches, Weeping in the silent midnight. And he said: "O guests! why is it That your hearts are so afflicted, That you sob so in the midnight? Has perchance the old Nokomis, Has my wife, my Minnehaha, Wronged or grieved you by unkindness, Failed in hospitable duties?" Then the shadows ceased from weeping, Ceased from sobbing and lamenting, And they said, with gentle voices: "We are ghosts of the departed, Souls of those who once were with you. From the realms of Chibiabos Hither have we come to try you, Hither have we come to warn you. "Cries of grief and lamentation Reach us in the Blessed Islands: Cries of anguish from the living, Calling back their friends departed, Sadden us with useless sorrow. Therefore have we come to try you; No one knows us, no one heeds us. We are but a burden to you, And we see that the departed Have no place among the living. "Think of this, O Hiawatha! Speak of it to all the people, That henceforward and forever



"Do not lay such heavy burdens
In the graves of those you bury,
Not such weight of furs and wampum,
Not such weight of pots and kettles,
For the spirits faint beneath them.
Only give them food to carry,
Only give them fire to light them.

In the Islands of the Blessed.

"Four days is the spirit's journey
To the land of ghosts and shadows,
Four its lonely night encampments;
Four times must their fires be lighted.
Therefore, when the dead are buried,
Let a fire, as night approaches,
Four times on the grave be kindled,
That the soul upon its journey
May not lack the cheerful fire-light,
May not grope about in darkness.

"Farewell, noble Hiawatha! We have put you to the trial, To the proof have put your patience, By the insult of our presence, By the outrage of our actions. We have found you great and noble. Fail not in the greater trial, Faint not in the harder struggle."

When they ceased, a sudden darkness Fell and filled the silent wigwam. Hiawatha heard a rustle As of garments trailing by him, Heard the curtain of the doorway

The Ghosts

Lifted by a hand he saw not,
Felt the cold breath of the night air,
For a moment saw the starlight;
But he saw the ghosts no longer,
Saw no more the wandering spirits
From the kingdom of Ponemah,
From the land of the Hereafter.

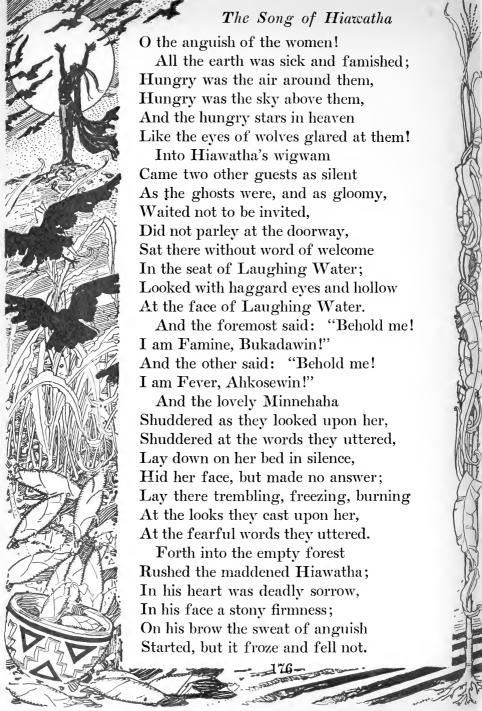
XX

THE FAMINE

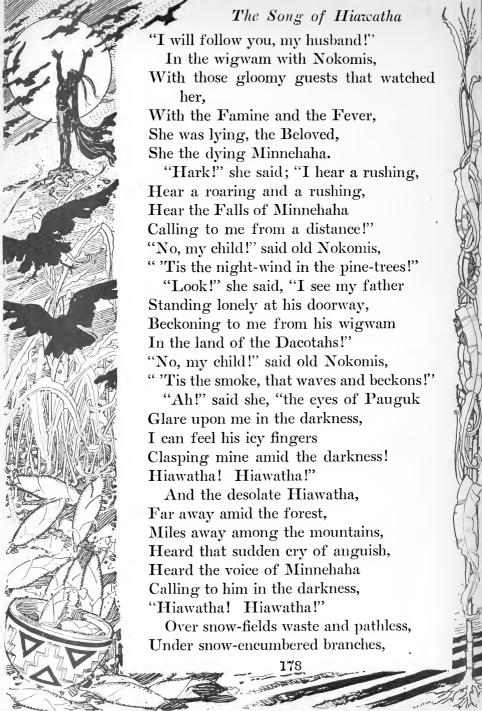
O THE long and dreary Winter!
O the cold and cruel Winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper,
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.

Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walked he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found none,
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perished there from cold and hunger.

O the famine and the fever!
O the wasting of the famine!
O the blasting of the fever!
O the wailing of the children!

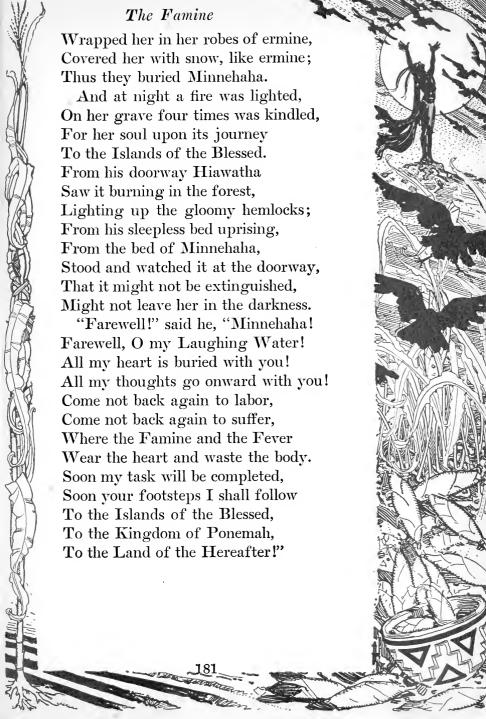


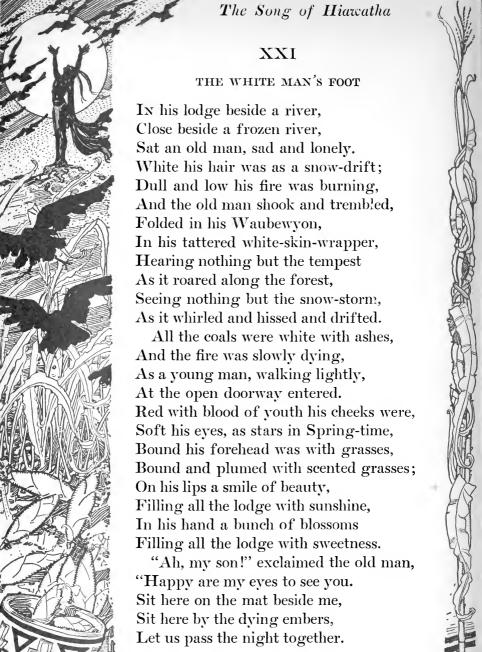
The Famine Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting With his mighty bow of ash-tree, With his quiver full of arrows, With his mittens, Minjekahwun, Into the vast and vacant forest On his snow-shoes strode he forward. "Gitche Manito, the Mighty!" Cried he with his face uplifted In that bitter hour of anguish, "Give your children food, O father! Give us food, or we must perish! Give me food for Minnehaha, For my dying Minnehaha!" Through the far-resounding forest, Through the forest vast and vacant Rang that cry of desolation, But there came no other answer Than the echo of his crying, Than the echo of the woodlands, "Minnehaha!" Minnehaha!" All day long roved Hiawatha In that melancholy forest, Through the shadow of whose thickets, In the pleasant days of Summer, Of that ne'er forgotten Summer, He had brought his young wife homeward From the land of the Dacotahs: When the birds sang in the thickets, And the streamlets laughed and glistened, And the air was full of fragrance, And the lovely Laughing Water Said with voice that did not tremble,



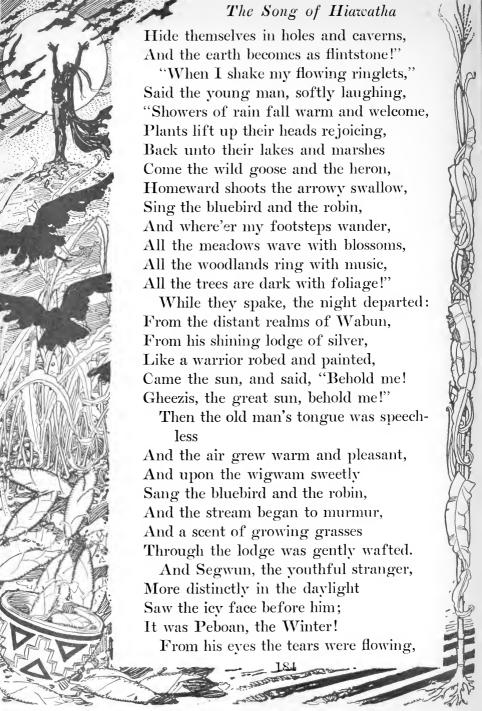


The Song of Hiawatha Homeward hurried Hiawatha. Empty-handed, heavy-hearted, Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing: "Wahnowin! Wahnowin! Would that I had perished for you, Would that I were dead as you are! Wahnowin! Wahnowin!" And he rushed into the wigwam, Saw the old Nokomis slowly Rocking to and fro and moaning, Saw his lovely Minnehaha Lying dead and cold before him, And his bursting heart within him Uttered such a cry of anguish, That the forest mouned and shuddered, That the very stars in heaven Shook and trembled with his anguish. Then he sat down, still and speechless, On the bed of Minnehaha, At the feet of Laughing Water, At those willing feet, that never More would lightly run to meet him, Never more would lightly follow. With both hands his face he covered. Seven long days and nights he sat there. As if in a swoon he sat there, Speechless, motionless, unconscious Of the daylight or the darkness. Then they buried Minnehaha; In the snow a grave they made her, In the forest deep and darksome, Underneath the moaning hemlocks; Clothed her in her richest garments,

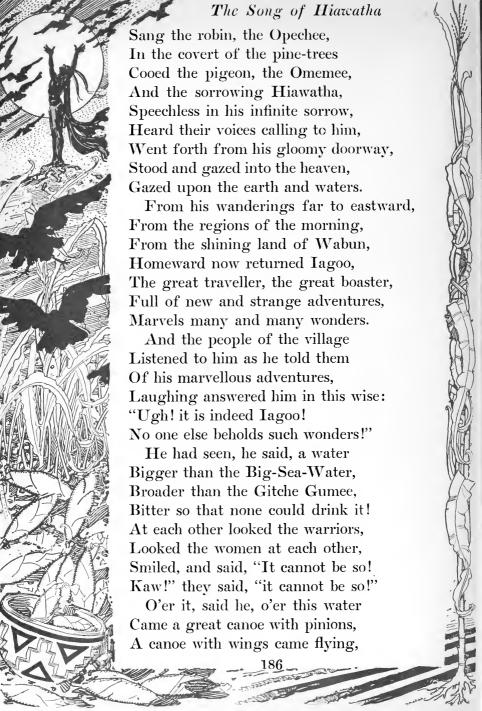




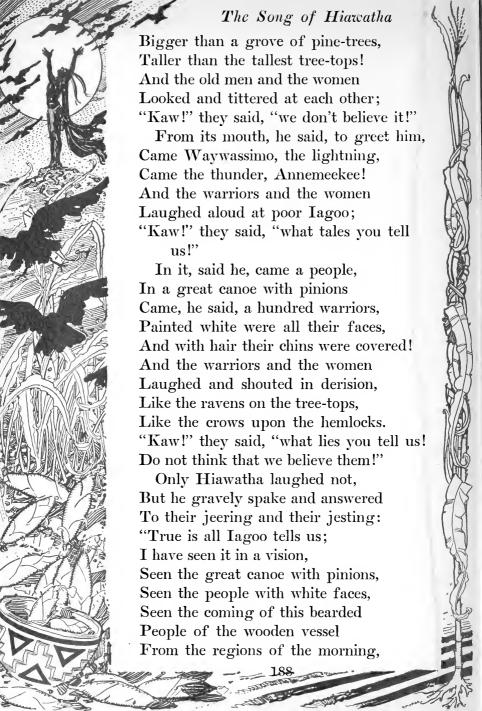
The White Man's Foot Tell me of your strange adventures, Of the lands where you have travelled; I will tell you of my prowess, Of my many deeds of wonder." From his pouch he drew his peace-pipe, Very old and strangely fashioned; Made of red stone was the pipe-head, And the stem a reed with feathers; Filled the pipe with bark of willow, Placed a burning coal upon it, Gave it to his guest, the stranger, And began to speak in this wise: "When I blow my breath about me, When I breathe upon the landscape, Motionless are all the rivers, Hard as stone becomes the water!" And the young man answered, smiling; "When I blow my breath about me, When I breathe upon the landscape, Flowers spring up o'er all the meadows, Singing, onward rush the rivers!" "When I shake my hoary tresses," Said the old man, darkly frowning, "All the land with snow is covered; All the leaves from all the branches Fall and fade and die and wither, For I breathe, and lo! they are not. From the waters and the marshes Rise the wild goose and the heron, Fly away to distant regions, For I speak, and lo! they are not. And where'er my footsteps wander, All the wild beasts of the forest



The White Man's Foot As from melting lakes the streamlets, And his body shrunk and dwindled As the shouting sun ascended, Till into the air it faded, Till into the ground it vanished, And the young man saw before him, On the hearthstone of the wigwam, Where the fire had smoked and smouldered. Saw the earliest flower of Spring-time, Saw the Beauty of the Spring-time, Saw the Miskodeed in blossom. Thus it was that in the North-land After that unheard-of coldness, That intolerable Winter, Came the Spring with all its splendor, All its birds and all its blossoms, All its flowers and leaves and grasses, Sailing on the wind to northward, Flying in great flocks, like arrows, Like huge arrows shot through heaven, Passed the swan, the Mahnahbezee, Speaking almost as a man speaks; And in long lines waving, bending Like a bow-string snapped asunder, Came the white goose, Waw-be-wawa; And in pairs, or singly flying, Mahng the loon, with clangorous pinions, The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah, And the grouse, the Mushkodasa. In the thickets and the meadows Piped the bluebird, the Owaissa, On the summit of the lodges







The White Man's Foot From the shining land of Wabun. "Gitche Manito the Mighty, The Great Spirit, the Creator, Sends them hither on his errand. Sends them to us with his message. Wheresoe'er they move, before them Swarms the stinging fly the Ahmo, Swarms the bee, the honey-maker; Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath them Springs a flower unknown among us, Springs the White-man's Foot in blossom. "Let us welcome, then, the strangers, Hail them as our friends and brothers. And the heart's right hand of friendship Give them when they come to see us. Gitche Manito, the Mighty, Said this to me in my vision. "I beheld, too, in that vision All the secrets of the future, Of the distant days that shall be. I beheld the westward marches Of the unknown, crowded nations. All the land was full of people, Restless, struggling, toiling, striving, Speaking many tongues, yet feeling But one heart-beat in their bosoms. In the woodlands rang their axes, Smoked their towns in all the valleys, Over all the lakes and rivers Rushed their great canoes of thunder. "Then a darker, drearier vision Passed before me, vague and cloud-like: I beheld our nation scattered.

The Song of Hiawatha

All forgetful of my counsels,
Weakened, warring with each other;
Saw the remnants of our people
Sweeping westward, wild and woful,
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
Like the withered leaves of Autumn!"

ΠXX

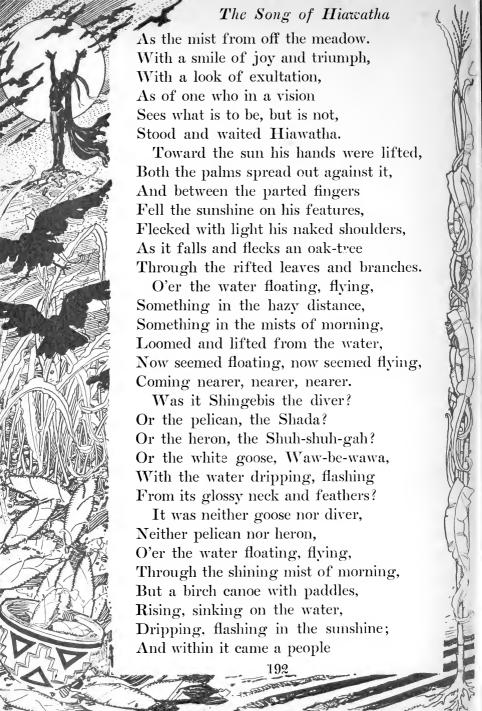
HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE

By the shore of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
At the doorway of his wigwam,
In the pleasant summer morning,
Hiawatha stood and waited.
All the air was full of freshness,
All the earth was bright and joyous,
And before him, through the sunshine,
Westward toward the neighboring forest
Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,
Passed the bees, the honey-makers,
Burning, singing in the sunshine.
Bright above him shone the heavens,

Level spead the lake before him;
From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,
Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine;
On its margin the great forest
Stood reflected in the water,
Every tree-top had its shadow,
Motionless beneath the water,

From the brow of Hiawatha Gone was every trace of sorrow, As the fog from off the water,





Hiawatha's Departure From the distant land of Wabun. From the farthest realms of morning Came the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet. He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-face, With his guides and his companions. And the noble Hiawatha, With his hands aloft extended, Held aloft in sign of welcome, Waited, full of exultation, Till the birch canoe with paddles Grated on the shining pebbles, Stranded on the sandy margin, Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face, With the cross upon his bosom, Landed on the sandy margin. Then the joyous Hiawatha Cried aloud and spake in this wise: "Beautiful is the sun, O strangers, When you come so far to see us! All our town in peace awaits you; All our doors stand open for you; You shall enter all our wigwams, For the heart's right hand we give you. "Never bloomed the earth so gayly, Never shone the sun so brightly, As to-day they shine and blossom When you come so far to see us! Never was our lake so tranquil, Nor so free from rocks and sand-bars; For your birch canoe in passing Has removed both rock and sand-bar. "Never before had our tobacco Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,

The Song of Hiawatha Never the broad leaves of our corn-fields Were so beautiful to look on. As they seem to us this morning, When you come so far to see us!" And the Black-Robe chief made answer, Stammered in his speech a little, Speaking words vet unfamiliar: "Peace be with you, Hiawatha, Peace be with you and your people, Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon, Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary!" Then the generous Hiawatha Led the strangers to his wigwam. Seated them on skins of bison. Seated them on skins of ermine. And the careful old Nokomis Brought them food in bowls of bass-wood, Water brought in birchen dippers, And the calumet, the peace-pipe. Filled and lighted for their smoking. All the old men of the village, All the warriors of the nation. All the Jossakeeds, the prophets, The magicians, the Wabenos, And the medicine-men, the Medas. Came to bid the strangers welcome: "It is well," they said, "O brothers, That you come so far to see us!" In a circle round the doorway, With their pipes they sat in silence, Waiting to behold the strangers, Waiting to receive their messsage; Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,

Hiawatha's Departure

From the wigwam came to greet them, Stammering in his speech a little, Speaking words yet unfamiliar; "It is well," they said, "O brother, That you come so far to see us!"

Then the Black-Robe chief, the prophet Told his message to the people,
Told the purport of his mission,
Told them of the Virgin Mary,
And her blessed Son, the Saviour,
How in distant lands and ages
He had lived on earth as we do;
How he fasted, prayed and labored;
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,
Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him;
How he rose from where they laid him,
Walked again with his disciples,
And ascended into heaven.

And the chiefs made answer, saying: "We have listened to your message, We have heard your words of wisdom, We will think on what you tell us. It is well for us, O brothers, That you come so far to see us!"

Then they rose up and departed

Each one homeward to his wigwam,
To the young men and the women
Told the story of the strangers
Whom the Master of Life had sent them
From the shining land of Wabun.

Heavy with the heat and silence Grew the afternoon of Summer, With a drowsy sound the forest

The Song of Hiawatha

Whispered round the sultry wigwam,
With a sound of sleep the water
Rippled on the beach below it;
From the corn-fields shrill and ceaseless
Sang the grasshopper, Pah-puk-keena;
And the guests of Hiawatha,
Weary with the heat of Summer,
Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.

Slowly o'er the simmering landscape Fell the evening's dusk and coolness, And the long and level sunbeams Shot their spears into the forest, Breaking through its shields of shadow, Rushed into each secret ambush, Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow; Still the guests of Hiawatha Slumbered in the silent wigwam.

From his place rose Hiawatha, Bade farewell to old Nokomis, Spake in whispers, spake in this wise, Did not wake the guests, that slumbered:

"I am going, O Nokomis,
On a long and distant journey,
To the portals of the Sunset,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest wind, Keewaydin.
But these guests I leave behind me,
In your watch and ward I leave them;
See that never harm comes near them,
See that never fear molests them,
Never danger nor suspicion,
Never want of food or shelter,
In the lodge of Hiawatha!"

Hiawatha's Departure Forth into the village went he, Bade farewell to all the warriors. Bade farewell to all the young men, Spake persuading, spake in this wise: "I am going, O my people, On a long and distant journey; Many moons and many winters Will have come, and will have vanished, Ere I come again to see you. But my guests I leave behind me; Listen to their words of wisdom. Listen to the truth they tell you, For the Master of Life has sent them From the land of light and morning!" On the shore stood Hiawatha. Turned and waved his hand at parting; On the clear and luminous water Launched his birch canoe for sailing, From the pebbles of the margin Shoved it forth into the water: Whispered to it, "Westward! westward!" And with speed it darted forward. And the evening sun descending Set the clouds on fire with redness. Burned the broad sky, like a prairie, Left upon the level water One long track and trail of splendor, Down whose stream, as down a river, Westward, westward Hiawatha Sailed into the fiery sunset, Sailed into the purple vapors, Sailed into the dusk of evening. And the people from the margin

The Song of Hiawatha Watched him floating, rising, sinking, Till the birch canoe seemed lifted High into that sea of splendor, Till it sank into the vapors Like the new moon slowly, slowly Sinking in the purple distance. And they said, "Farewell forever!" Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!" And the forests, dark and lonely, Moved through all their depths of darkness. Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!" And the waves upon the margin Rising, rippling on the pebbles, Sobbed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!" And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah, From her haunts among the fen-lands, Screamed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!" Thus departed Hiawatha, Hiawatha the Beloved. In the glory of the sunset, In the purple mists of evening, To the regions of the home-wind, Of the Northwest wind, Keewavdin, To the Islands of the Blessed, To the kingdom of Ponemah, To the land of the Hereafter!



WALLACE RICE

Page 15. Ojibways—oh-jib'-wayz—or Chippewas, a tribe of the great Algonquin—al-gon'kin—family, settled at the time of the story along the lower shores of Lake Superior.

Dacotah is the older spelling of Dakota, the name given to the Sioux and several tribes of the Northwest. In this and the foregoing line Longfellow explicitly acknowledges the double

source whence his material is derived.

Shuh-shuh-gah—shoo-shoo'gah. The accent in this, as in all the subsequent proper names of the poem, is indicated by the meter. If, beginning the count with the line, the syllable numbers odd, it is stressed; otherwise not.

Nawadaha—nah-wah-dah'ha. It means "the singer."

Page 16. Chetowaik—chet-oh-wake'. As in so many cases throughout, its English meaning follows.

Mahn is pronounced as spelled. Wawa—waw'-waw.

Mushkodasa—mush-koh-day'sa.

Tawasentha—tah-wah-sen'tha. The Indian name of a valley near the capital of New York State, now known as Norman's Kill.

Hiawatha—hee-ah-wah'tha. It signifies "the wise man," or teacher.

Page 19. The quarry of red pipestone lies in the Côteau des Prairies, the dividing line between the valleys of the Missouri and St. Peter's Rivers. It was sacred ground to the Indians of the North, who came here through centuries of time to obtain the material for the peace-pipes, so necessary for their solemn ceremonials.

Gitche Manito—git'chee man'-i-toh—is the Great Spirit, corresponding somewhat to our understanding of God.

Ishkoodah—ish-koo-dah'—signifies "fire," and so a fire in the heavens, a comet, personified as a spirit in human form.

Page 20. Calumet—cal'yuh-met—is the Norman form of the French chalumet, derived from the Latin calamellus, diminutive of calamus, a reed. It was applied by the French missionaries to the long reed stem of the peace-pipe, the bowl of which is made of redstone.

Wyoming valley, the scene of a dreadful massacre of innocent Americans by Indians and British sympathizers during the Revolutionary War, celebrated by Campbell in his "Gertrude of Wyoming."

Tuscaloosa is in Alabama.

Pukwana—puk-way'na—means "smoke."

Page 21. Shoshonies—sho-shoh'neez—and Omahas—oh'mahawz—the accent has been transferred by Longfellow. All the proper names in this passage are familiar names of Indian tribes in the Northwest. This is the beginning of the legend which accounts for the establishment of the pipestone quarries as neutral ground among the aborigines.

Page 24. Mudjekeewis-mud-jee-kee'wiss.

Wampum—wom'pum—shell beads used by the Indians as money, and for purposes of decoration, as here. The word is of Massachusetts origin and means "white," though the more valuable wampum was made of purple shells.

Wabasso—waw-bas'so—means the cold region where the fur of the rabbit is white, hence the North.

Mishe-Mokwa—mish'ee moh'qua—is the fabulous bear, the father of all bears, used in aboriginal lore to frighten children, so terrible was it. The story here preserves the tradition which led the Indian to pay a semi-serious but profound respect to the bear whenever he encountered it.

Page 26. Shaugodaya—shaw-goh-day'ya—means "coward." Kabeyun—kay'bee-yun—or the west wind, is the bringer of

warmth and fertility, hence the chief of the winds.

Wabun—waw'bun.

Shawondasee—shaw-won-day'see.

Kabibonokka-kah-bib-oh-noh'ka.

Page 28. Wabun-Annung—waw'bun an'nung—is the star of the east, Lucifer, the morning star.

Shingebis—shin'ghee-bis—a name applied to diving birds of various species.

- Page 30. Wawa—waw'waw—is the wild goose.
- Page 32. Opechee—oh-pee'chee.

Owaissa—oh-way'sa.

November is the Moon of Snow-shoes.

- Page 34. Nokomis—no-koh'mis. The legend following is the story of the birth of Manebozho.
- Page 35. Wenonah—weh-noh'na—is the one Christian name given us by the Indians. It signifies first-born among daughters, whether to the mother, or in a given place. It is now spelled Winona.
- Page 36. Wahonowin—wah-ho-noh'win—is an exclamation of grief, like "alas."

Gitche Gumee—git'chee gu'mee—means "great sea," or Lake Superior.

Page 38. The Naked Bear—Heckewelder records the tradition of a bear without fur except for a spot on its back, which is the one slain by Mudjekeewis in the preceding canto of the poem.

Ewa-yea—ee'waw-yay—is the beginning of an Indian lullaby.

The "Death-Dance of the spirits" is the aurora borealis, or northern lights, thought by the Indians to be the ghosts of departed braves dancing in shining raiment.

The "pathway of the ghosts" is the Milky Way.

Minne-wawa and Mudway-aushka—these two Indian words are intended—by onomatopæia—to represent the sounds made by the wind soughing through the trees and rippling on the shore.

- Page 39. This chant to the fire-fly is a children's song among the Algonquins.
- Page 40. This is reminiscent of episodes in the life of St.

Francis of Assisi. All the details properly appertain to Manebozho.

Iagoo—ee-ah'goo—was the teller of travellers' tales in his day.

- Page 41. Adjidaumo-ad-jid-aw'moh-the red squirrel.
- Page 42. Soangetaha—sohn-ge-tah'ha.
- Page 43. Minjekahwun—min-jee-kah'wun.
- Page 45. Esconaba, now Escanaba—es-ca-naw'ha—is a river and district in the upper peninsula of Michigan, now celebrated for its iron mines.
- Page 46. Wawbeek is the rock itself.
- Page 47. Apukwa means "bulrush."

 Kago—kah'goh—is the Indian equivalent of "beware."
- Page 49. Baim-wawa—bame-waw'waw—represents to the Indian the sound of thunder, the equivalent of our words rumble, grumble, and the like.

Kenabeek—ke-nah'beek.

- Page 50. Minnehaha, the name of the heroine, is also the name of these beautiful falls, half a mile from the point where the Minnehaha River debouches into the Mississippi, not far from Minneapolis.
- Page 52. Bena—bee'na.
- Page 53. Omeme—oh-mee'mee.

Mahnomonee—mah-noh-moh'nee—is misaccented, being the name of the town in Michigan known as Menominee—menom'in-ee.

Shahbonin-shah-boh'min.

Bemahgut—be-mah'goot.

Okahahwis is the fresh-water herring, a delicious fish still abundant in the Great Lakes. The whitefish, best of all, is not mentioned, curiously enough.

- Page 54. Mondamin—mon-dah'min—is the maize, or Indian corn, the chief staple of the Indian's food supply.
- Page 57. Wawonaissa-waw-won-ay'sa-is the whippoorwill.

- Both the Indian and the English words are supposed to represent the plaintive call of this night-bird.
- Page 62. Chibiabos—kib-i-ah'bohss—is the prince of the land of spirits, the Algonquin Pluto.Kwasind—kwah'sind—is an aboriginal Hercules.
- Page 64. Ponemah—poh-nee'ma.
 - Manito—man'i-toh—is here the Indian equivalent of the Christian's guardian angel.
- Page 66. Yenadizze—yen-a-diz'zeh—means a youthful profligate.
- Page 67. Pauwating—paw-way'ting—is the native name for the Sault Ste. Marie, connecting Lake Superior with Lake Michigan.
- Page 68. Cheemaun—chee-maun'—means a birch-bark canoe.
- Page 69. Taquamenaw—tah-qua-mee'naw—is the name of a river in the upper peninsula of Michigan.
- Page 71. Kagh—kahgh—is not the European hedgehog, but the porcupine. Its name is derived from the grunting sound it makes when disturbed.
- Page 73. Mishe—mish'ce—or mitche means large, great.

 Shawgashee—shaw-ga-shee'—is the fresh-water lobster, more properly the crawfish, its name being from the Latin crevis, French écrevisse.
- Page 75. Ugudwash—you-gud-wawsh'.
- Page 77. It is curious that the English word "squirrel" is from the Greek and signifies "shady-tail."
- Page 78. Kayoshk—kay'oshk.
- Page 81. Megissogwon—mee-jis-sog'won. Puggawaugun—pug-ga-waw'gun.
- Page 82. Keneu—ken-oo'.
- Page 84. Suggema—sud-jee'ma.
- Page 85. Dahinda—da-hind'a.

- Page 87. Mama—may'ma.
- Page 88. Pezhekee—pe-zhee'kee. Pauguk—paw'guck.
- Page 103. Pau-Puk-Keewis paw-puck-kee'wis personifies that aspect of storms which plays pranks and is whimsical. It is an excellent example of the depth of the humorous sense in the Indian.
- Page 104. Pemican—pem'i-can—is made of dried buffalo flesh pounded to a powder and packed in bladders, sometimes with the addition of buffalo marrow.

The red willow bark is known as kinnikinnick, and adds a pleasant fragrance to smoking tobacco in the aboriginal estimation.

Page 105. Pugasaing—pew-ga-saing', the last vowel having the sound of a in "name."

Kuntassoo-kun-tah-soo'.

- Page 106. Nagow Wudjoo—nag'oh wud'joh—signifies the great piles of drifting sand found on the shores of the Great Lakes.
- Page 107. Onaway—on-a-way'—means "awaken."
- Page 108. June is the Moon of Strawberries.
- Page 110. Osseo—os-see'oh.
- Page 111. Oweenee-oh-wee-nee'.
- Page 113. "Ah, showain"—the translation of this Ojibway sentence is in the following line.
- Page 114. Neuemoosha nee nee-moo'sha—is a term of endearment.
- Page 118. Wabeno-waw-bee'nc.
- Page 120. Puk-Wudjies—puck-wud'jiz—are mythical dwarfs supposed to dwell in forest depths.
- Page 124. Kwo-ne-she—quoh-nee'she. Way-muk-kwana—way-muck-quah'na.

Kahgahgee-kah-gah-jce'.

- Page 125. Guskewau—gus-kee-waw'.
- Page 127. Later September is "the Moon when leaves are falling."
- Page 128. Nushka—noosh'ka, the first syllable rhyming with "bush."
- Page 129. Wagemin—way'ghee-min—means a crooked ear of maize, and so a man with crooked morals.

Paimosaid—pay-moh-sade'—means, literally, he who walks, hence he who goes secretly to steal the corn.

Ugh is the conventional rendering of the deep Indian guttural signifying assent, very like a grunt.

- Page 130. Totem—toh-tem—corresponds to the birds, beasts, and the like adopted in Europe in feudal days as heraldic crests, each peculiar to its own family in the tribe.
- Page 131. Mitche (mitch'ee) Manito is the evil tendency in man and nature personified.
- Page 132. Meda—mee'da.
- Page 136. Peboan—pee'boh-ann.
- Page 137. Baim-wawa is here pronounced bay-im-waw'waw.
- Page 138. Lines 2-32 inclusive on this page were recited at Longfellow's funeral.
- Page 139. The pouch of healing, more commonly called "medicine bag," is carried by every Indian and regarded by him as infinitely sacred. It contains stones, bits of animals, and other things believed to secure a happy life.
- Page 140. Hi-au-ha-hye-oh-hah'.
- Page 143. Medamin—mee-dah min—signifies the healing art.
- Page 144. Ojeeg-oh-jeeg'.
- Page 146. Ininewug—i-nin'e-wug—is the name of two of the pieces in the game of bowls.

Ozawabeeks—oh-zah-waw'beeks.

Sheshebwug-shesh'eb-wug.

- Page 148. Meshinauwa—mee-shin-aw'waw. Onagon—oh-nah'gon.
- Page 157. Jeebi—jee'bi.
- Page 158. Pishnekuh—pish-nee-koo'—is another sort of wild goose, the brant.
- Page 162. Waywasimo-way-way'sim-oh.
- Page 165. Nee-ba-naw-baigs—nee-bah-naw'baigs, the last syllable with the name sound of a.
- Page 166. Dush-kwo-ne-she-dush-quoh-nee'she.
- Page 176. Bukadawin—bew-ka-dah'win.
 Ahkosewin—ah-koh-see'win.
- Page 182. Waubewyon-waw-bee-wye'on.
- Page 184. Segwun—see-gwun'—means the springtime.
- Page 185. Miskodeed is the native name for spring beauties.
- Page 188. Annemeekee—an-nem-ee'kee.
- Page 192. Shada—shay'da.
- Page 193. "Beautiful is the sun, O strangers," etc. This is almost word for word the speech recorded in the Jesuit Relations as made by an ancient chief of the Illinois to Father Marquette.



